

Newport Mercury

VOLUME CXLIII--NO. 44.

NEWPORT, R. I., APRIL 13, 1901.

WHOLE NUMBER 8,068.

The Mercury.

—PUBLISHED BY—

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.

12 THAMES STREET.

NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1838, and is now in its one hundred and forty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, with less than half a dozen exceptions. The oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns, filled with interesting, reliable, and valuable news, local and general, well selected, and carefully edited. It is a valuable medium for the dissemination of news, and a valuable medium for the dissemination of news. It is a valuable medium for the dissemination of news, and a valuable medium for the dissemination of news.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.

MALDON LIDGE No. 53, N. E. O. P., William H. Thomas, Wardens; James H. Goddard, Secretary; meets 1st and 3rd Thursday evenings in each month.
THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Richard Gardner, President; Thomas Fieldhouse, Secretary; meets 1st and 3rd Wednesday evenings in each month.
REDWOOD LODGE No. 11, K. of P., James F. Beaumont, Chancellor; Commander, Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seal; meets every Friday evening.
DAVIS DIVISION No. 5, U. R. of P., St. Knight Captain George A. Whitcomb, Everett L. Gorton, Recorder; meets 1st Friday evening in each month.
NEWPORT CAMB No. 1077, M. W. A., A. A. Page, Ven. Consul; Charles S. Becker, Clerk; meets 2nd and 3rd Tuesday evenings of each month.

Local Matters.

S. A. R. or D. A. R.?

Not a thousand miles from Newport is a chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution which bears the name of a signer of the Declaration of Independence. (King George didn't need his glasses to read his signature.) This chapter conceived the idea of marking the local graves of the Revolutionary soldiers with appropriate metal flags, and a committee was appointed to procure plans and prices. The committee went about their duties in a businesslike way. They wrote to a manufacturer of such articles and received an illustrated catalogue by return mail.

The flags, as shown by the catalogue, seemed to be about what were required, save for one thing. Every flag, of whatever design, bore the same lettering "S. A. R." The feeling of the committee was expressed by one member, who said: "S. A. R." Fans of the American Revolution. We don't want to advertise them. Let's have the flags marked "D. A. R." for the Daughters of the American Revolution.

So a letter was at once dispatched to the manufacturer inquiring if he had no flags bearing the D. A. R. lettering. The reply was prompt and courteous, and stated that, if the chapter desired, the flags could be lettered in that way, but during his long experience in business he had never seen any other lettering than "S. A. R."—Soldier of the American Revolution.

That committee is still a trifle tender on the subject of grave markers and don't want the story to get out, so if any one should happen to know where that chapter is located, why just don't mention it.

The late Augustus C. Thius had \$3,000 insurance in the New England Order of Protection and \$3,000 in the Royal Arcanum. The money from each of the Orders arrived in town yesterday for the payment of the claims, which shows with what promptness both of these excellent institutions do business.

April 20th will witness the final presentation of the wonderful play of Ben Hur at the Colonial Theatre, Boston, which has the phenomenal run of seventeen weeks. If any of our readers have missed the opportunity to see it they should take advantage of the coming week.

Some of the fractures in the leg of Mr. Albert C. Young have been reduced successfully, but the attending physicians have found the most serious problem in the condition of his ankle. It is hoped that amputation may not be necessary, but the conditions are serious.

Mr. William H. Schwarz is critically ill at his residence. An operation was deemed necessary, but the surgeons have found it impossible to remove the growth that has formed. His condition is regarded as extremely serious.

Mr. George E. Speers driver for the Newport Illuminating Company, was operated upon for appendicitis on Wednesday. Dr. Barnard performed the operation.

Mr. A. J. Ward is ill with pneumonia.

Board of Trade.

The first annual meeting of the Board of Trade was held in Mercury Hall Tuesday evening. There were several meetings of various kinds on the same evening, including a session of the city council, so the number present was comparatively small. Two gentlemen from out of the city made interesting addresses and a report was received from the committee that interviewed the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company. During the evening a number signed the membership roll and all those present took considerable interest in the proceedings.

President George E. Vernon called the meeting to order and introduced Mr. Charles E. Adams, president of the Massachusetts State Board of Trade, who, he said, would be compelled to leave early in order to catch a train. Mr. Adams then addressed the meeting on the subject of boards of trade in general and spoke for about 20 minutes. He spoke of the origin of the first board of trade, placing the date about 2000 years ago. His address was of a general nature and also partly historical. The Massachusetts Board of Trade, of which the speaker is president, is composed of representatives of 42 local boards of trade, or commercial organizations, in the state of Massachusetts. Mr. Adams' address was greeted with applause and at its close President Vernon expressed to him the thanks of the Board.

The business of the meeting was then resumed. A communication from James A. Swan, declining election as a member of the board of directors, was received. President Vernon stated that he had appointed a committee, consisting of Messrs. George A. Weaver and Patrick H. Morgan, to interview the officials of the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. in regard to their intentions as to a new depot. Mr. Weaver presented a long typewritten report of his interview with General Manager Chamberlain. Mr. Chamberlain indicated that nothing would be done toward erecting a new depot here until after the completion of the new shops now about to be begun. The location would probably be about the same as at present, a depot fronting on Long wharf not being advantageous to the company. He would not approve of the street cars crossing the railroad tracks on Washington street at grade. The depot when built would not be of the pattern recently built at Warren, because Newport is a terminal station. He thought Long wharf should be widened on both sides, and then it would not be any too wide.

Mayor Garretson supplemented Mr. Weaver's report by stating that President Hall of the company is ready to meet the Long wharf commission as soon as it is appointed. President Hall will come to Newport and go over the ground carefully with the commission. The annual election of officers resulted as follows:

President—George E. Vernon.
Vice Presidents—George F. Rice, George A. Weaver.
Secretary—Arthur H. Chamberlain.
Treasurer—Thomas F. Peckham.
Directors—F. B. Coggeshall, P. H. Morgan, W. P. Clarke, Jr., Paul A. Andrews, Dr. O. W. Houghton.

The various committees of ten members each will be announced by the president at the next regular meeting. Resolutions introduced by Mr. Eugene Schreier in relation to factories and attempts to secure them for Newport were placed on file.

The president then introduced Mr. Rufus B. Fowler, president of the Board of Trade of Worcester, Mass., who gave a very interesting and instructive talk. Mr. Fowler's address was entirely of a practical nature, intended to be of assistance to such an organization on the verge of launching. He pointed out a number of perils to be avoided and indicated as clearly as possible the best course to follow. Mr. Fowler described the ups and downs of the Worcester organization and gave the cause therefor. The greatest error for a member to commit was to think that he might get a direct return from the amount of money invested. Men must go into the Board of Trade in an unselfish spirit, for the benefit of the community. The speaker told of what had been done for Worcester by his organization. The value of a board of trade, he said, lay not so much in influencing new industries to locate in a city as in making the city adapted for and attractive to such industries. The Worcester board has been courteously treated in its interviews with the railroad officials in behalf of the business men of the city and accomplished much with railroads and express companies. Another successful feature of his organization was the smoke talks, at which various city officials addressed the board, thus bringing the business men and the city government in closer touch. Mr. Fowler was confident that the Board of Trade could not be successful unless the members undertake the work in a public spirit.

At the conclusion of his address Mr. Fowler stated that he was ready to answer any questions that might be asked, but those present seemed to think that he had imparted enough valuable information. He was thanked by the president and applauded by the floor. The meeting then adjourned until the second Tuesday in May.

Big Races at Newport.

Newport will see some lively yacht races next summer when the two cap defenders now building at Boston and at Bristol will take part in the races here. The Newport Yacht Racing Association has planned a number of interesting events and the yachting season will undoubtedly be the most interesting of many years.

According to a New York paper it is assumed that Thomas W. Lawson's yacht Independence will be in the trial races that will determine the selection of a defender of the America's cup against Sir Thomas Lipton's challenger, Shamrock II. This statement was made by a yachtsman who is a recognized authority in everything connected with the yachts now nearing completion for the international events. The rule of the New York Yacht Club forbidding any one except a member to take part in any of the club regattas, and Mr. Lawson's statement that he would not race his yacht in the name of a member of the New York Yacht Club, and would rather sink his yacht than to race her under any name except his own, was an apparently insurmountable obstacle. In making the statement that the two yachts will now come together, it was not averred that any official action had been taken by the club.

This statement was the result of a conversation based on the interest aroused among yachtsmen by an announcement from Boston to the effect that the Constitution and the Independence would race in the Newport regatta, held under the auspices of the Newport Yacht Racing Association. The credit for bringing about this satisfactory state of affairs is ascribed to the Newport Yacht Racing Association, which tried from the beginning of the threatened trouble to smooth over matters. It invited Mr. Duane to enter the Constitution in the next regatta at Newport. Mr. Duane was told that the Independence would probably enter these races and that an effort would be made to bring about a meeting. It was pointed out that the races off Newport would offer an easy solution as to picking the better yacht, so that if there was any doubt left after the races which of the two yachts was the better trial races could be agreed upon. It was also pointed out that after the two yachts had met in an open race there would be little difficulty to arrange trial races between them without sacrificing appearances by the declarations made on both sides. The result of these overtures made by an outsider already proved of value in settling the question of the trial races.

New Rebekah Lodge.

Emma Lodge, D. of R., No. 17, I. O. O. F., was instituted Thursday evening by the following officers of the Grand Lodge: Edwin B. Lincoln, Grand Master; William B. Streeter, Deputy Grand Master; Sumner Mowry, Grand Warden; William H. T. Mosley, Grand Secretary; J. E. C. Farrington, Grand Representative; John T. Delano, Grand Chaplain; Charles A. Champlin, Grand Marshal.

After the institution of the new lodge, the following officers were elected and installed for the ensuing year:

N. G.—Mrs. Carrie E. Tew.
V. G.—Mrs. Ida M. Mayler.
Sec. Sec.—Mrs. Abby M. Marr.
Treas.—Mrs. Mary E. Rice.
Fin. Sec.—Miss E. Barlow.

Following the election of officers, twelve candidates were initiated.

A collation was later served in the dining hall, where a most enjoyable hour was spent.

There was no Easter Sunday parade of fashion this year. The weather was too threatening to permit of the wearing of new clothes without fear of damage to them. The number of persons on the streets was small and the congregations at the various churches were not at all large. The special services were carried out as planned but many will be repeated tomorrow for the benefit of those who were unable to attend last Sunday. At Emmanuel Church the announcement was made that work on the new church building, the gift of Mrs. John Nicholas Brown, would begin at once.

A handsome memorial font, the gift of Miss Caroline Newton of Wickford in memory of her sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Newton Schade, now stands in the United Congregational Church, having been unveiled on Easter Sunday. The ceremonies connected with the unveiling were of a simple but impressive character. The memorial is of white marble of handsome design.

Steamer Chester W. Chapin, which went ashore on Patience Island last week, was brought into this harbor shortly after noon on Saturday last. She started for New York Monday afternoon to undergo extensive repairs to her hull.

The regular monthly meeting of the school committee should have occurred last Monday evening but there was no quorum present.

Block Island Steamer.

(From our Boston Correspondent.)

Boston, Mass., April 9.

The boat that was ordered by the town of New Shoreham for the passenger service between Newport and Block Island is rapidly nearing completion. It was to have been launched during the past week, and is now probably in the water. Work was delayed some while the plans were being discussed by the town, but on the whole, the speed with which the boat is being built is very gratifying.

She is a hand-ome boat. The beauty of her lines and general shape is very striking as she lies on the ways. She is of very fair size, her total length being 165 feet. The general dimensions of the boat are: length over all, 165 ft.; beam, 28 ft.; depth, 13 ft.; displacement, 500 tons; probable capacity, 1000 to 1200. Her engines are 16½ x 24½, with a 30 inch stroke. She carries two boilers, each 11½ ft. long by 11 ft. diameter; and her speed is 16 miles. She is a single screw steamer, with triple expansion engines.

As one stands on the deck, he is struck by the trim shape and sturdy appearance of the steamer as a whole. She is built of oak, pine, and fir, with great heavy beams, and solid planking. If appearances are not deceitful in her case, it will take more than the weather of our coast to knock her out.

The steamer was to have been launched during this last week. Her propeller shaft is already in, and the machinery will go aboard the coming week. The work will be rushed along from now on, and the boat is expected to be ready for service by the first of June. As soon as the engines are in, the work on the superstructure, and the inside furnishings of the boat can be started. This will of course require some little time, but the work is being pushed, and I think the people of Block Island need have no fear that the boat will not be ready for them at the required time. As she now stands, she is a credit to her builder, and we are sure that in time to come she will prove a good addition to the Block Island service.

A special town meeting of the town of New Shoreham was held on Tuesday last to vote for a proposition to appropriate \$50,000 additional for the construction of the new steamer. The meeting was an exciting one and a large vote was polled. When the votes were counted it was found that the proposition had been approved by a vote of 145 in favor to 92 against, a majority of 53 in favor of the proposition. The original appropriation was for \$50,000 and the total amount authorized for the new vessel is therefore \$90,000.

Mr. Pearce's 82d Anniversary.

The observance by Mr. B. W. Pearce of the 82d anniversary of his birthday last Tuesday eventuated in a most gratifying degree to himself. His primary object in thus observing the day was to re-establish communication with friends which his enforced seclusion for the past three or four years had measurably broken. In this he was most gratifyingly successful, people calling whom he had not met for years, making the day to him one of pleasure and enjoyment, while a large number of congratulatory notes were received. Members of Charles E. Lawton Post, G. A. R., to the number of about a score, made him a call in a body in the evening. They had arranged a programme of war and patriotic songs for the evening, but the sudden and severe illness of his daughter rendered its postponement to a later date. After a pleasant conversational hour the guests took their leave, with kind wishes for many happy returns of the day. Before their departure, Mr. Charles E. Harvey, in behalf of the guests, presented in neat and appropriate remarks in behalf of those assembled, a substantial token of their regard. The remarks were feelingly replied to by the aged recipient, after which the company took their leave, with many expressions of good will and wishes for the future. Though Mr. Pearce is not a member of the G. A. R., he has participated in many of their public gatherings in the past, and this honor shown him was a creditable and tasteful exhibition on their part of remembrance of past associations.

The contract for building the addition to the city asylum has been awarded to Ira W. Willor, Jr., who was the lowest bidder. The amount available for the work under the recent city council appropriation is \$2000.

Mr. N. Thomas Hudson, who has been engaged on a contract at Garrison-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., for several months, spent Easter with his family in this city.

Secretary Lang has issued orders that a school for petty officers in the navy be established at Coasters Harbor Island in this city.

Miss Alice Tsggart is the guest of Miss Reynolds on Broadway.

Simon Davis.

Simon Davis died at his residence on Broadway Thursday afternoon after an illness of considerable duration. He was a life long resident of Newport and was for years one of the leading business men of the city. During his business career he built up a reputation for integrity and honest dealing which earned for him the respect of the community. He was prominent in the Pythian order and had held the highest offices in the local organization.

Simon Davis was born in this city on April 25, 1820. He was the son of the late Captain Nathaniel Davis. He early devoted his attention to bakery business, being at one time associated with James S. Bass under the firm of Bass & Davis, and afterward establishing his own bakery. He continued the business until after the death of his son, when he retired, selling the business to the present proprietor, Mr. A. W. Arthur.

Mr. Davis was a prominent member of Redwood Lodge, Knights of Pythias. He was a charter member and practically the founder of the order in this city. He had been Chancellor, Commander of Redwood Lodge and was a member of the Grand Lodge of the State. When a division of the Uniform Rank was formed in this city it was named Davis Division, in honor of Simon Davis, and he became its first Captain. He took a great interest in what ever pertained to the Pythian order and was for years the mainstay of the local organization.

Mr. Davis married Mary Jane Easton, daughter of the late John and Frances Easton. Mrs. Easton, who is still living at an advanced age, is a real daughter of the Revolution. Mrs. Davis died some years ago. Mr. and Mrs. Davis had one son, Augustus B. Davis, who died about two years ago. Two daughters, Mrs. George W. Barlow and Miss Jennie Davis, survive him.

The funeral will take place Sunday afternoon, and will be attended by Davis Division and Redwood Lodge, K. of P.

Elizabeth J. Collins.

Miss Elizabeth J. Collins died at her residence on Bridge street on Wednesday, after a lingering illness, in the twenty-sixth year of her age. Her death came as a shock to many, as they were not acquainted with the fact of the seriousness of her illness, and her loss will be felt deeply among her circle of young friends and acquaintances.

The funeral services were held yesterday afternoon from the Zabriske Memorial Church of St. John the Evangelist, Rev. Charles F. Beattie officiating.

Mianetuck Golf Club.

The annual meeting of the Mianetuck Golf Club was held Wednesday evening with President A. C. Landers in the chair. Reports of officers and committees showed the club to be in a flourishing condition, with about 150 active members on the list and a substantial cash balance in the treasury to begin the new year. The matter of changing the location of the club links was informally discussed, but no action was taken. It was thought advisable to continue the special committee on this subject and take decisive action later.

The annual election of officers resulted in the choice of practically the same ones who have conducted the affairs of the club for the past year. Mr. Asa B. Kennan declined re-election as secretary and was given a vote of thanks for his very efficient services during the term of office. The officers elected were as follows:

President—A. C. Landers.
Vice Presidents—William C. Corzans, Edward A. Brown, C. M. Hall, Joseph W. Paul.
Secretary—William C. Corzans, Jr.
Treasurer—Edward S. Peckham.
Members of the Board of Governors for 2 years—Anthony S. Sherman, Anthony Stewart, George E. Vernon, Miss A. C. Landers, Mrs. William C. Corzans.

Power-Scott.

The marriage of Miss Ida May Scott, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John F. Scott, to Mr. John Power took place at the residence of the bride's mother on Spring street Monday evening and was witnessed by relatives only of the contracting parties, owing to a recent death in the bride's family. The bride wore a travelling suit, and was attended by her sister, Miss Alice M. Scott. The duties of best man were performed by Mr. Thomas Little, of Providence. Rev. E. H. Porter, rector of Emmanuel church, officiated. The bride was the recipient of many valuable and handsome presents. Mr. and Mrs. Power left on the New York boat on a wedding trip, which will include Washington and Philadelphia. On their return they will take up their residence on Prospect Hill street.

Newport Lodge of Elks gave a masquerade ball in Masonic Hall on Monday evening last. There were many handsome and unique costumes on the floor.

City Council.

A special meeting of the City Council was held Tuesday evening to take action on certain matters recommended by the board of health. After the reading of the Mayor's communication setting forth the reason for the meeting, the report of the board of health was received. The report contained the plans and specifications for the disposal of night soil at the settling tank on Briggs wharf. A report from the city engineer and a description of the proposed extension to the tank were appended. The extension will be of wood 20 feet from the present structure, will rest on piles, and the floor will be of concrete and expanded iron. Doors will be constructed at each end so that a wagon can be driven inside and dumped and washed.

A resolution was passed authorizing the extension and appropriating \$200 therefor. The committee on public property recommended that the street commissioner be authorized to construct a roadway at the rear of the city hall at a cost of \$500, and that the city treasurer's safe in the old city hall be transferred to the school department at a cost of \$120. The recommendations were adopted. The committee on fire department was authorized to place Box 32 at the corner of Spring and Pelham streets and put another box on Hazard avenue where No. 32 is now located. The committee on streets and highways was authorized to macadamize and lay a granite walk on State street at a cost of \$2000, to curb and macadamize Calvert street, and to extend the sewer in Friendship street. The committee on ordinances was authorized to prepare and report a set of joint rules for the two branches of the city council. A communication from the Master Barbers Association was referred to the police commission.

A number of petitions for street lights were referred to the committee on street lights.

An Unfortunate Case.

Mr. William E. Chase, 78 years of age, who has been living on Johnson's court, in this city for several months, was about to return to his home in Uxbridge, Mass., and was having it prepared for the occupancy of himself and wife. Early this week he received intelligence that it had burned to the ground.

The house was in the suburbs, half mile distant from any dwelling, and half that distance from a railroad station. The work on the house had been completed, and Sunday morning his son, who had done the work and was in charge, went out for a few minutes, leaving a kerosene lamp burning in one of the rooms, and returning found the house enveloped in flames. The morning was extremely foggy, so much so that their nearest neighbor did not see the fire, but two men at the railroad station saw it and came over, but there were no appliances for extinguishing the fire and so they had to stand helplessly by and see it burn. There was a small quantity of household furniture in the house, which was destroyed. The fire is supposed to have caught from explosion of the lamp. Last summer another of his sons living in the vicinity, had his barn and contents, including a number of cattle, destroyed by lighting.

Mr. Chase, who in his early days was a school teacher in Portsmouth, on this island, has made many friends during the months of his stay here, who will extend to him their sympathies.

The grand jury which met on Monday found true bills against Camille Ferrento, 3 counts, for breaking and entering in the night time, and larceny, against Thomas Duffy; and against Michael Smith and Dennis F. Sullivan. Ferrento pleaded guilty to a charge of larceny and was sentenced to 4 years in State prison. Smith and Sullivan were sentenced to 1 year and six months and 2 years respectively. Duffy's case was continued to the next term. Few cases have been tried before a jury during this week.

The Easter musical programme, rendered at the Zabriske Memorial church, will be repeated tomorrow, and thus afford those who were prevented from attending last Sunday to hear the Easter music.

If the rule holds good that "April showers brings May flowers," there'll be posies enough next month to give everybody a bouquet.

There is reasonable ground for the belief that the backbone of the drought is broken.

Mr. William S. Vase, who has been confined to his home for some time past by illness, has suffered a relapse.

Mr. Frank M. Wheeler has returned from New York.

Mr. J. Gottlieb Spingler is suffering from an attack of pneumonia.



Copyright, 1899, by J. B. Lippincott Company. All rights reserved.

"What would you have me answer you?" She was calm and confident now. At first she had shrunk a little from him. Her simple, confident action restored to him his calmness.

"I would have you say at what hour it is you are accustomed to close the eyes which look down upon without seeing mine."

"At nine. But what is this upon your lapel—a flower?"

"A white rose for our wedding."

With pretty show of authority she drew it from its resting place and fixed it in her hair.

"Do not flowers belong to the bride?"

"Wear it in memory of me," he said, gently. "But now I am going to insist that you take steps to preserve those other roses which I am sure have blossomed for you. Have you a dressing-room?"

"Yes, but I am not sleepy and I shall not desert you. Wait. Speaking of the rose, I shall sing you a song I love very much—that is, if I can find my guitar. Ah, here it is! Now I'll sit here—and you right there—but I wonder if I can ever play in the dark? May I not have just a little light? I won't mind."

"How easily you forget! It is impossible. Sing as you are; I shall not hear any discord." He was astonished at her swift change of mood and a new, glad note in her voice. She sang low and sweetly, with perfect control of her tones, the "Last Rose of Summer." And then he understood better. For in her voice he read that the soul and spirit of an impassioned woman dwelt in the slender frame veiled by the shadows of the room. He was silent. Every heartache that had been crushed out of his manhood seemed to have revived under the magic of a subtle tone, an indescribable, indefinable echo. It was a resurrection of something that had died hard within him.

"You do not like my singing," she said, disappointed, when, waiting for his praise, she found him silent and thoughtful.

"Your singing? Yes. But a memory! Go to sleep now. Make yourself comfortable and leave me to keep watch. Yet say: will you not sing over those lines again? To me they are inexpressibly beautiful."

Standing in the doorway of her dressing-room, she sang the verse through again softly without accompaniment, waited until she was assured that he would not speak, and then passed thoughtfully within. When she came forth, arrayed in her wrapper, she paused beside him, puzzled over his change of mood.

"I am afraid you are going to be lonely," she said.

"Sleep, my child, sleep; I shall not be lonely—knowing you are there."

"Perhaps I am keeping you awake?"

"Yes. That is it; you are keeping me awake!"

"Well, I am holding out my hands and saying 'good night,'" she said. He found and pressed his lips upon them. He held them so tightly and trembled so violently she bent down over him confused. One of her curls, loosened, dropped upon his neck, and another across his cheek. The mingled odor of her hair and the rose filled him with a strange intoxication.

"I am sorry if I have distressed you in any way," she said; "you have been kind, oh, so kind to me. Good night." He still held her hands, his face bowed upon them, his form shaking with a strange emotion. "Good night," she said again. "If I do fall asleep and you are lonely—oh, sir, you hurt my hands."

"Good night," he whispered, hoarsely, recovering himself and releasing them. She crossed the room, and he saw her, dimly, standing by the bed, as though in doubt. And then she sank softly to her knees and laid her head upon her arms, child-wise, in prayer. He arose and stood until he saw her head lifted.

"Wait," he said, earnestly; "will you not pray also for me?"

"I have prayed for you already," she answered.

"Will you tell me the prayer?"

"Some time, perhaps, when it has been answered."

He thought then that she had fallen asleep, but after awhile she spoke again.

"Will you let me ask you a question—of yourself again?"

"Yes, if you wish."

"Dr. Brodnar said that you had never had but one ambition in life, and that you had been disappointed. What did he mean?"

"I once had ambition to be a great soldier. That is all."

"Were you ever a soldier?"

"Yes, an officer in the regular army."

"And now?"

"I am a wanderer. A gentleman only."

"Why did you leave the army?"

"I struck my superior officer. They heard my defense and—let me resign."

"And the other—what became of him?"

"He cheated at cards, was publicly insulted—and cashiered."

"Why did you strike him?"

"Is this asking a question?"

"Oh, forgive me! Good night."

"It is very short," he said, repentantly. "There was a woman in the case; the card incident was but a pretext." A low cry escaped the girl. Then she said, half rising:

"You loved her?"

"Yes." He heard her sink slowly back upon her pillow. "I thought so, at least—until now. I was mistaken in her; my pride was wounded." He arose and paced the room.

"Tell me of her, please?"

"She lived not far from Washington with a relative, her parents both dead. She had some means of her

own and frequently came into the city, where she had friends. We met, and I believed in her; but this officer came between us. She thought him rich, and I was deserted for him. She belonged to that class of women who esteem wealth the foremost object of life, women who go deliberately to men they do not cannot love, or even respect, and say in effect: 'Here, we have beauty, youth, freshness, for sale. Take us, dress us, give us jewels and fine clothes to wear, carriages to ride in; give us a chance to command the homage of men, and all that we have is yours.' Watch for them upon your streets; all men know them at sight. God, but they pay at last! Look in when the excitement has passed and see upon their faces the frozen despair; see in the heaviness of their step the weight of a dead youth, and in their eyes eternal hopelessness. Child, child, be not deceived; love is the only gold that pays a woman. Shun them, these wretched advertisements of dishonor. Let no man come into the holiness of your life until love has sanctified the sacrifice. He ceases abruptly, and the next instant was kneeling by her side. "Forgive me!" he cried. "I have not told you I hold you blameless!" Suddenly he felt her arms about his neck, drawing his face to hers. Her hair enveloped him almost smothered him in a sudden storm. Holding him thus, she broke into such an agony of grief and tears as to render him speechless and helpless. She held him in such frantic embrace that each effort he made to free himself was defeated. When her strength was exhausted she sank back among the pillows, breathless. He bent above her unmoved.

"How lonely, how barren must have been your life, that a little kindness—another's sorrows—should touch you so deeply!"

"Lonely! Speak of the persecution, the brutality, the infancy—!"

"Hush," he whispered. "No more—to me. Come, you must sleep." Rising abruptly, he left her side. When it was that she fell asleep he could not discover, but presently he seemed to hear her deep, regular breathing, and was thankful.

And so the moments passed. The girl started up once or twice and spoke his name; but always at sound of his calm, reassuring voice sank back again upon her pillow. From time to time he went and stood above her—a spell upon him new and strange, a spell that filled him with uneasiness and vague alarm. He was no longer lonely. In some mysterious way a burden seemed to be slipping away from him, and in its place came a sense of companionship sweet and comforting. Most men discount married life in their dreams, and few ever realize the fullness of those dreams; but with him it had been different. This strange experience preceded the dreams. Without a day's warning he had been plunged into the privacy of a young and modest woman's life, had become the guardian of her honor and in a measure of her future; and in a mysterious way the divine sweetness of her soul had issued forth and enveloped him. In the chiaroscuro of the still room he could just determine the outlines of her bed and upon its whiteness the outlines of her slender figure. He was glad that she slept; in that quiet falling asleep was for him the quietest tribute ever paid to his manhood. A glad, quick pulse leaped from his heart as he realized this truth, and the words of the girl's mother, so artlessly repeated, came back to him.

Then in the desert of his life a stranger came before his tent and asked for shelter. He bade him enter. Why should not this scene be fixed and real and lasting? Would it be possible? Would the girl some day accept it as such, yielding still the trust and tenderness she had brought to the counterfeit? Was she trusting Brodnar? Or was she trusting him? The trust was in him. He felt it instinctively; and her little white hand seemed to steal forth to his again, her arms to enfold him. What a child she was! And yet—and yet—An irresistible impulse seized him to be near her, to touch her hand, her hair, and to pass within the electric radius of her presence again, if but for a moment. He was her guardian whether she slept or awoke.

A strange curiosity to be near a sleeping girl, to enter further into her life and absorb the sweetness of its innocence, possessed him. She would not know, she would never know, perhaps; and why should he not snatch from fate this one brief moment of happiness? A doubt assailed him and brought hesitation; but with an impatient gesture he threw aside the hesitation. He would not let even himself doubt himself.

And so he came and stood above the sleeper, and presently, entranced, he kneeled and saw her lying there, vague, dim and unrecognizable, but a girl asleep. Her face was towards him upon the pillow and one hand lay upon the edge of her bed. So quietly did she sleep she seemed not to breathe. He watched her until a tremor shook him from head to foot, and a never before experienced confusion seized upon his mind. Instinctively he leaned above her hand and touched it with his lips—lightly, reverently. She sighed and spoke his name, and, overwhelmed with sudden dismay, he would have withdrawn, but she seized his arms and cried out:

"Light! light!" And then, brokenly: "Oh, sir, for the first time—I am—I am—frightened!" He sank his face beside her, overwhelmed with shame.

"It is half-past three," he said, brokenly. "I must soon say farewell to you—"

"Oh, sir, will you not light the gas?" Seeing that she still trembled, he arose and went to his chair.

"No," he said, calmly. "But sleep on. I shall not disturb you again."

And then presently she came, and, kneeling in sudden abandon before him, placed her hands upon his shoulders, her face close into his.

"I shall not let you leave me thinking that I do not trust you," she said.

"Oh, sir, kiss me now, my hands, my hair, my lips if you will. I trust implicitly! I trust you—yes, and more. I—"

"Child, child, you do not know what you are saying!" He covered his face with his hand.

"Child! No, woman! You do not understand! It is you who are the child. Listen. I was not asleep when you struck a match and, turning your face from me, looked at your watch. I was awake, and I saw your face in the glass across the room."

"You should not—"

"It was an accident, and I thanked God, for it has given me a living memory of the kindest friend since mother died. It is not the first time, for your picture is in the doctor's office. He did not know that I have hung over it—fixing it in my mind—many, many times—oh, will you, will you say that you wish to see me? Have you no wish to remember me?"

"Remember you? I shall carry with me forever the sound of your voice, the touch of your hand, the perfume of every curl upon your head—"

"But my face! Will you look upon that? I release you from all your promises."

"I cannot! I cannot!"

"Oh, sir, think what it will mean to me in all the lonely days to come, the memory of you and the consciousness that you carry in your heart sometime the face of the girl who—"

"It must not be. Remember your husband's honor! You promised to honor him. Is this the way?"

"My husband! my husband!" she cried, half rising. "You have said it!"

"Frances! Frances!"

"Ah, Frances! Say it all, Frances, my wife."

"Frances, my wife!" A passionate cry burst from the girl's lips.

"Yes, Frances, your wife. The woman who loves you, who has loved you from the day she saw your picture and heard your story! Oh, he never knew—he never dreamed it. Nothing can silence those words: 'Frances, my wife.' I will look upon your face, and you shall, you shall see mine! The matches—ah, they are here!"

"Hold!" he cried, huskily. "I should be unworthy of your love and trust if I could break my sacred promise. Look upon me if you will, but the eyes that would weep tears of joy to see you will be closed while the match is burning. Look, if to carry in memory the living record of one face will help you, take mine, and with it, right or wrong, the love of Richard Somers."

She struck the match and held it above his lifted face, advancing her own and gazing eagerly upon him.

"Ah, again! again! My husband, my husband," she murmured. "It is the face of an angel!" The match grew short and the fatal red spark was showing in the flame when there came a flash of light in the window across the room, the quick, sharp report of a pistol rang out, and Richard Somers, reeling, plunged through her arms face down upon the floor.

The awful silence that followed the tragedy was broken at length by the faint whisper of the dazed and half-unconscious girl.

"Speak," she said, kneeling over the prostrate form; "why—what is the matter?—what has happened?" Her hands found his head and passed rapidly over it. "You do not answer me!" She drew slowly back from him, chilled with a great and unspeakable horror. Her hands were wet and slippery. Instinctively she knew it was blood. She could not rise nor cry out; her heart seemed paralyzed, her throat in the clutch of an invisible hand. The door opened silently, and the doctor's low voice was heard:

"Somers, Somers, the day is almost breaking." There was no response. He spoke again. Then the two figures became dimly visible. "What has happened?" he whispered, bending above them. He, too, felt the tell-tale blood

upon his fingers as he touched the prostrate man, and, rising hastily, struck a match. Somers lay senseless before him, the young woman kneeling by his side staring speechlessly upon her bloody hands. His quick glance swept the room and rested upon her. The match fell to the floor and went out, leaving the scene to blacker darkness.

"Remorse!" he said, in a whisper, and was still. Rallying his faculties at length, Dr. Brodnar hurriedly lit the gas, and with his stern features contracted examined the fallen man and saw a wound back of the right temple from which the dark blood was still oozing.

"He has shot himself," he said. A moment he stood, with covered face, wavering in his tracks. Suddenly the enormity of the interests at stake flashed upon him and stupor gave way to intelligent action. Seizing a towel, he wiped the girl's hands and forced her into a chair.

"Stay there," he said, "and on your life do not cry out or leave the room before I return. Do you understand?"

"Yes," she said, simply, and fixed her gaze upon the window. He bound the towel tightly about the head of the wounded man, lifted him in his arms as if he were a child, and passed out into the night. A few moments later the rush of wheels was heard upon the street.

"Some patient of the doctor's is worse," said a policeman upon a corner two squares away as the dying vehicle passed him.

Dr. Brodnar was rescued from a bad complication by his special treasure, Joe, the driver.

"Go and bring your mother," he said, quickly, as he lifted the unconscious Somers from the carriage in front of his office. "Don't lose one second! Keep your mouth shut." Joe was out of hearing before the doctor reached his operating-room. The doctor's assistant, half dressed, appeared quickly. Somers was stretched upon a table, and his wound critically examined. The bullet had entered over and behind the right ear, and the side of his head was clothed with blood. A second wound an inch farther back became visible as the blood was washed away, but a probe carefully inserted in the forehead wound came out of the other, touching the skull in passing. There was no particle of brain-matter in the blood.

"Syncope from concussion," said Brodnar. "Watch him carefully until I return and do not permit him to speak." The sound of wheels approaching caused him to descend the steps three at a time. He pressed back the aged negro woman who was dismounting.

"To the same place, Joe! Hurry!" he said, and the door closed.

The woman so hastily secured was none other than the "nanny" who had looked after the welfare of Frances since infancy. She had been encouraged to absent herself for the night. Trained under the old regime, with a sense of proprietorship in her old mistress and daughter, with a deep and impregnable pride in the family, she needed no cautioning. Nevertheless Dr. Brodnar said as they entered silently the deserted yard:

"There has been an accident, mammy. Ask no questions and answer none. Permit nobody to see your young mistress. Do you understand?"

"De chile ain't but a young murther?"

"No. A friend was. Her mind has been affected deeply by her father's condition and this shock has upset her. You must know nothing more of it."

Frances sat as he had left her, in the armchair. She offered no resistance when they laid her upon the bed and administered an opiate. The stains of blood were carefully removed from her hands, and her wrapper changed, and Dr. Brodnar prepared to depart, for the day was now breaking. He remembered the pistol, and was reaching the floor for it, when the reaction set in and Frances began to cry bitterly. Obeying his silent motion, mammy passed into the dressing-room and he took the girl's hand.

"The whole blame rests upon me," he said, gently. "Keep quiet; I will see you through." And then a cry burst from him: "What a fool! what a fool! And to think that Dick Somers—!" At sound of this name the girl's grief became almost uncontrollable.

"He loved me," she said, brokenly. "And it has cost him his life!"

"Loved you! Never! If he had loved better, I could forgive him." She was silent.

"If he had loved better!"—then she sat up with almost frantic energy.

"Yes. The wound is not fatal. Frances, Frances—back, my child—"

"Take me to him—I must, I must go to him—"

"You are simply mad!"

"He is my husband—I love him! I love him!"

Brodnar groaned and turned away his head. Suddenly the girl shivered and drew back, her gaze set fearfully on something behind him.

"Close the window," she whispered in a changed voice. "they may return."

"Why—what—what do you mean?"

He was upon his feet, a strange light in his face.

"It came from that window," she whispered fearfully; "some one fired through the slats."

"God in Heaven!" he cried. "I thank you! Dick! Dick! forgive me!" He plunged out into the gray dawn and left the girl amazed and terrified.

CHAPTER III.

Richmond at the time these events were occurring was in a tumult of excitement. The quarrel between the north and south in congress had long since reached the acute stage, and preparations were forming for that titanic struggle which was to shake America for four long years. South Carolina had led off, followed by Alabama, Mississippi, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana and Texas. The capital of the confederacy was in the far south, and while no one expected that Richmond was to become the center of political intrigue, it had been easily foreseen that Virginia, being a slave state, would join her southern sisters, and that if he followed she would furnish the battle ground by reason of her geographical position. Few people believed in a serious conflict to come, but there were some who foretold a bloody struggle, and these were among the powerful, who gave time and direction to public sentiment.

There was much discussion in state military circles, and a confident prediction that when the crisis came the south must recall her sons from the service of the union, and enlist them under the banners of the state's rights party, leaving many vacancies difficult to fill.

Upon his couch in the rooms of Richmond's popular physician Richard Somers lay, convalescent. His wound proved easy of management and healed rapidly. But in the empty hours given to him for recovery he reviewed his late experience, and with small comfort for himself. Carried away by sentiment, he had permitted himself to involve seriously a young girl intrusted to his care. He had acted like a sentimental boy, he told himself, rather than as a man coolly transacting a piece of business to which a friend had commissioned him. Evidently the whole matter hinged upon the succession of property, and he was simply an instrument swept along by sentiment, and had declared his love for a girl altogether unknown to him—indeed, unseen. In conclusion, somebody had put a bullet through his head, the only mistake being in the matter of aim. He had received no explanation from Brodnar other than that an error had cost him the wound. There was a multitude of apologies, the tenderest of care—and silence. But one day he arose and dressed himself, and, barring a slight dizziness of head, found the world about him as of old. And then Brodnar—

(CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE.)

RICHARD SOMERS, REELING, PLUNGED THROUGH HER ARMS.

upon his fingers as he touched the prostrate man, and, rising hastily, struck a match. Somers lay senseless before him, the young woman kneeling by his side staring speechlessly upon her bloody hands. His quick glance swept the room and rested upon her. The match fell to the floor and went out, leaving the scene to blacker darkness.

"Remorse!" he said, in a whisper, and was still. Rallying his faculties at length, Dr. Brodnar hurriedly lit the gas, and with his stern features contracted examined the fallen man and saw a wound back of the right temple from which the dark blood was still oozing.

"He has shot himself," he said. A moment he stood, with covered face, wavering in his tracks. Suddenly the enormity of the interests at stake flashed upon him and stupor gave way to intelligent action. Seizing a towel, he wiped the girl's hands and forced her into a chair.

"Stay there," he said, "and on your life do not cry out or leave the room before I return. Do you understand?"

"Yes," she said, simply, and fixed her gaze upon the window. He bound the towel tightly about the head of the wounded man, lifted him in his arms as if he were a child, and passed out into the night. A few moments later the rush of wheels was heard upon the street.

"Some patient of the doctor's is worse," said a policeman upon a corner two squares away as the dying vehicle passed him.

Dr. Brodnar was rescued from a bad complication by his special treasure, Joe, the driver.

"Go and bring your mother," he said, quickly, as he lifted the unconscious Somers from the carriage in front of his office. "Don't lose one second! Keep your mouth shut." Joe was out of hearing before the doctor reached his operating-room. The doctor's assistant, half dressed, appeared quickly. Somers was stretched upon a table, and his wound critically examined. The bullet had entered over and behind the right ear, and the side of his head was clothed with blood. A second wound an inch farther back became visible as the blood was washed away, but a probe carefully inserted in the forehead wound came out of the other, touching the skull in passing. There was no particle of brain-matter in the blood.

"Syncope from concussion," said Brodnar. "Watch him carefully until I return and do not permit him to speak." The sound of wheels approaching caused him to descend the steps three at a time. He pressed back the aged negro woman who was dismounting.

"To the same place, Joe! Hurry!" he said, and the door closed.

The woman so hastily secured was none other than the "nanny" who had looked after the welfare of Frances since infancy. She had been encouraged to absent herself for the night. Trained under the old regime, with a sense of proprietorship in her old mistress and daughter, with a deep and impregnable pride in the family, she needed no cautioning. Nevertheless Dr. Brodnar said as they entered silently the deserted yard:

"There has been an accident, mammy. Ask no questions and answer none. Permit nobody to see your young mistress. Do you understand?"

"De chile ain't but a young murther?"

"No. A friend was. Her mind has been affected deeply by her father's condition and this shock has upset her. You must know nothing more of it."

Frances sat as he had left her, in the armchair. She offered no resistance when they laid her upon the bed and administered an opiate. The stains of blood were carefully removed from her hands, and her wrapper changed, and Dr. Brodnar prepared to depart, for the day was now breaking. He remembered the pistol, and was reaching the floor for it, when the reaction set in and Frances began to cry bitterly. Obeying his silent motion, mammy passed into the dressing-room and he took the girl's hand.

"The whole blame rests upon me," he said, gently. "Keep quiet; I will see you through." And then a cry burst from him: "What a fool! what a fool! And to think that Dick Somers—!" At sound of this name the girl's grief became almost uncontrollable.

"He loved me," she said, brokenly. "And it has cost him his life!"

"Loved you! Never! If he had loved better, I could forgive him." She was silent.

"If he had loved better!"—then she sat up with almost frantic energy.

"Yes. The wound is not fatal. Frances, Frances—back, my child—"

"Take me to him—I must, I must go to him—"

"You are simply mad!"

"He is my husband—I love him! I love him!"

Brodnar groaned and turned away his head. Suddenly the girl shivered and drew back, her gaze set fearfully on something behind him.

"Close the window," she whispered in a changed voice. "they may return."

"Why—what—what do you mean?"

He was upon his feet, a strange light in his face.

"It came from that window," she whispered fearfully; "some one fired through the slats."

"God in Heaven!" he cried. "I thank you! Dick! Dick! forgive me!" He plunged out into the gray dawn and left the girl amazed and terrified.

CHAPTER III.

Richmond at the time these events were occurring was in a tumult of excitement. The quarrel between the north and south in congress had long since reached the acute stage, and preparations were forming for that titanic struggle which was to shake America for four long years. South Carolina had led off, followed by Alabama, Mississippi, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana and Texas. The capital of the confederacy was in the far south, and while no one expected that Richmond was to become the center of political intrigue, it had been easily foreseen that Virginia, being a slave state, would join her southern sisters, and that if he followed she would furnish the battle ground by reason of her geographical position. Few people believed in a serious conflict to come, but there were some who foretold a bloody struggle, and these were among the powerful, who gave time and direction to public sentiment.

There was much discussion in state military circles, and a confident prediction that when the crisis came the south must recall her sons from the service of the union, and enlist them under the banners of the state's rights party, leaving many vacancies difficult to fill.

Upon his couch in the rooms of Richmond's popular physician Richard Somers lay, convalescent. His wound proved easy of management and healed rapidly. But in the empty hours given to him for recovery he reviewed his late experience, and with small comfort for himself. Carried away by sentiment, he had permitted himself to involve seriously a young girl intrusted to his care. He had acted like a sentimental boy, he told himself, rather than as a man coolly transacting a piece of business to which a friend had commissioned him. Evidently the whole matter hinged upon the succession of property, and he was simply an instrument swept along by sentiment, and had declared his love for a girl altogether unknown to him—indeed, unseen. In conclusion, somebody had put a bullet through his head, the only mistake being in the matter of aim. He had received no explanation from Brodnar other than that an error had cost him the wound. There was a multitude of apologies, the tenderest of care—and silence. But one day he arose and dressed himself, and, barring a slight dizziness of head, found the world about him as of old. And then Brodnar—

(CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE.)

RICHARD SOMERS, REELING, PLUNGED THROUGH HER ARMS.

upon his fingers as he touched the prostrate man, and, rising hastily, struck a match. Somers lay senseless before him, the young woman kneeling by his side staring speechlessly upon her bloody hands. His quick glance swept the room and rested upon her. The match fell to the floor and went out, leaving the scene to blacker darkness.

"Remorse!" he said, in a whisper, and was still. Rallying his faculties at length, Dr. Brodnar hurriedly lit the gas, and with his stern features contracted examined the fallen man and saw a wound back of the right temple from which the dark blood was still oozing.

"He has shot himself," he said. A moment he stood, with covered face, wavering in his tracks. Suddenly the enormity of the interests at stake flashed upon him and stupor gave way to intelligent action. Seizing a towel, he wiped the girl's hands and forced her into a chair.

"Stay there," he said, "and on your life do not cry out or leave the room before I return. Do you understand?"

"Crying for the Moon"

Has become a proverbial phrase to express the futility of mere desire. There are a great many people who think it is useless to hope for such as to cry for the moon. They have tried many medicines and many doctors, but all in vain.

A great many hopeless men and women have been cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery; people with obstinate coughs, bleeding lungs, night-sweats and other symptoms of disease which if neglected or unsatisfactorily treated find a fatal termination in consumption.

"Golden Medical Discovery" has a wonderful healing power. It increases the nutrition of the body, and so gives strength to throw off disease. It cleanses the blood from poisonous impurities and enriches it with the red corpuscles of health. It is not a stimulant, but a strength-giving medicine. It contains no alcohol, neither opium, cocaine, nor any other narcotic.

Sometimes the extra profit paid by inferior medicines tempts the dealer to offer a substitute as "just as good" as "Discovery." If you are convinced that "Discovery" will cure you accept nothing else.

"I was in poor health when I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's medicine," writes Mr. J. H. Limer, of Volusia, Jefferson Co., Indiana. "I had stomach, kidney, heart, and lung trouble. Was not able to do any work. I had severe cough and hemorrhage of the lungs, but after using your medicine a while I commenced gaining strength and flesh, and stopped coughing right away. Took about six bottles of 'Discovery.' After that I had a severe cold, and I had a severe cough. I had the doctor, but he didn't seem to help me any; so I commenced your medicine. I took three or four bottles of the 'Discovery' and two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Kidney and Bladder Pills, and that straightened me up. I feel like a different person. I highly recommend your medicine to all sufferers, for I know it cured me."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation by curing its cause.



Special Bargains!

For the next 30 days we offer our entire line of

Fall and Winter Woolsens.

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign and domestic markets, at 15 per cent. less than our regular prices. This we do to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 15. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN,

196 Thames Street,

NEWPORT, R. I.

Artistic Beauty

and Permanence

are the desirable qualities combined in our

"Mezzo-Tints."

We have a large collection on exhibition at the Studio, and invite you to call and see them. Particular attention paid to children's portraits.

F. H. CHILD,

212 THAMES STREET.

PROV. BLANK BOOK MAN'Y

REAR OF POST OFFICE.

37 CUSTON HOUSE STREET, PROVIDENCE.

Blank Books, wholesale or retail, on hand or made to order. Descriptive Catalogue, Book Binding, Paper Rules, Edge Gilding, Gilt Lettering, Machine Perfuming and Paper Cutting. H. M. CUMMINGS & CO., 31 CUMMINGS ST., NEWPORT, R. I.

WATER.

ALL PERSONS desiring to have water introduced into their residence or places of business, should make application at the office, Marlboro street, near Thames.

Office Hours from 9 a.m. to 12 p.m.

WM. R. SLOCUM, Treasurer.

GOLDRECK'S

Diastatic Extract of Malt.

This preparation represents the best and most nutritious form of MALT, containing large percentage of diastase and extractive matter together with a minimum amount of alcohol. It is especially adapted to promote digestion of starchy food, converting it into dextrine and glucose, in which form it is easily assimilated, furnishing fuel.

It will be found invaluable in Weakness, Chronic Indigestion, Dyspepsia, (due to organic disease or habitually), Nervous Exhaustion, Anemia, and Induration, etc.

To Nursing Mothers it wonderfully increases strength, adds lactation, and supplies sugar and phosphates to the milk, whereby the infant is enabled to gain weight and sleep in sleeplessness it causes quiet and natural sleep.

Directions:—A wineglassful with each meal and on going to bed, or as may be directed by the Physician. It may be diluted with water and sweetened to suit the taste. Children in proportion to age.

Sold by
J. D. JOHNSON, 121-123 N. Main St., NEWPORT, R. I.

Preserve Your Roofs

—WITH—

PHOENIX Roofing Cement.

Has been used in this State for over 25 years and has proven itself to be the best and most reliable material for water or weather. Contains no acid. Stops all leaks.

Condemned Roofs Put in Perfect Condition and warranted for Three Years. Best of City References Given.

Orders may be left at the NEWPORT OFFICE or with J. A. McLENNAN, Agent.

Phoenix Roofing Co.

J. D. JOHNSON,

Architect and Builder,

Plans and Estimates furnished on application. General Estimates, Mason, Tile and Stonework executed with dispatch.

Shop: 601 Main St., Office: 101 Main St., P. O. Box 184. Residence: 101 Church St., 2-4.

ABOUT LENGTHENING LIFE.

What Was Done in the Last Century in This regard—Average Age of Man Increased.

The average age of man within a century has been increased 7½ years. What is there in the way of still further increasing the average? As far as can be seen, there is absolutely nothing. New discoveries are being made all the time which aid physicians in controlling diseases. Once smallpox was such a scourge that big cities were decimated by it. Now it excites very little alarm, except in communities where there are not the proper facilities for treating it and dealing with it. May it not be that the time is not distant when consumption will be dealt with as effectively? Even now steps are being taken to prevent its spread. Consumptives have not the freedom in many hotels and in most cities carrying them had, and in most cities spitting on the floors of street cars is prohibited.

Yellow fever is receiving the closest attention from the best minds in the medical profession. In fact, throughout the world there is an army of investigators at work seeking the cause of diseases and remedies for them. Discoveries are certain. The theory that the mosquito conveys malaria and the yellow fever germ may not be true, but if it should prove to be, the investigating forces into the cause of malaria and yellow fever will not cease. Typhoid fever and diphtheria are now treated so successfully that the percentage of deaths from them is much smaller than it was a few years ago. There is reason for thinking that in the course of this century the true causes of most diseases will be found, and that there will be remedies for them, says the Savannah News.

And it is certain that nowadays men and women do not become old as soon as they did half a century ago, and they do not have the appearance of old age so early in life. A man who uses the knowledge for caring for himself that is within his reach is almost as young-looking at 55 as men were at 35 at the beginning of the nineteenth century. The thought that Menckhoff throws out, therefore, that by the end of this century the average life of man may be 100 years does not seem to be so unreasonable.

HOTEL LOBBY WITTICISMS.

A Few Bright Sayings Sprung at Odd Moments by Traveling Diners.

This is one of the little interchanges that happen among bright men in a hotel lobby after they have had their dinner and are enjoying their cigars. Some of the wit may have been borrowed, but we will give it as we heard it.

"Where do germs come from?" asked the big traveling man who occupied two chairs.

"Germany," chuckled the little fellow who is in the shoe line.

"And parasites?" from the big fellow.

"Paris," from the cutlery chap.

"That's about the easiest."

"Microbes?" continued the examiner.

"There was a short period of silence, and then the patient medicine man chuckled, says the Detroit Free Press.

"Microbes, of course. I have it. Ireland."

"Grip?" from the interlocutor.

"Hades," chuckled the rank outsider who had his coat collar turned up and his feet against the register.

"Nothing like the old-fashioned ague, though," declared the Indiana man who is exploiting a fertilizer from bag deposits. "When Indianapolis was first built they had to put quinine in the mortar to prevent the buildings from shaking down."

"Ever live in the Maumee valley?" asked the bald-headed representative of the craft. "I can remember when the ague was so bad there that all the girls shook their heads. That's right; and in the fall of the year when the mist rose from the swamps it used to shake the nuts off the trees."

THE AWAY-FROM-HOME GIRL

She Should Keep in Close Touch with Those Remaining in the Old Homestead.

Write your home letters regularly and keep in touch with your parents and old friends by weekly correspondence, writes Margaret E. Sangster, in Ladies' Home Journal, addressing girls who have gone from home into the world to seek their livelihood. Never let a Sunday afternoon drift out without your hour spent in an intimate and loving letter to the dear mother. This is a good occupation for Sunday, and I can hardly tell you how minute and confidential and affectionate this writing should be. But there is no need. You know what you like to hear from home, and what mother and father most long for, when your letters come. I follow those letters. Mother is in the kitchen, washing the dishes. She wipes her hands and sits down in the low rocking-chair by the window where the line is beginning to bud. Father stands between the table and the door, waiting to hear what you have said, and aware that he must wait until mother has satisfied her heart with the first reading. Then it will be his turn. To them both you are, and you will always be, just your own little girl, and they can never send them a line which they will not scan with eagerness. So never put off your family at home with a scatty, hurried scrawl; take time, and tell them everything.

Half an hour of cooked

holland, season with a few drops of onion juice, two teaspoons lemon

juice, one-half teaspoon paprika, one

and one-half teaspoon salt and a

few grains of cayenne; add one-third

cup thick cream, which has been

beaten until stiff, and the whites of

three well-beaten eggs. Cook in but-

tered tinable molds until firm.

Chill, remove from pans, arrange on

salad dish, garnish with mayonnaise

around and on top of fish and

shrimps at the base. Good House-

keeping.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

The pet weakness of Hall Caine, the English novelist, is that he leans a strong physical resemblance to Shakespeare.

Octave Thannet (Miss Alice French) recently boasted of having built two picket fences and "eight or nine gates, all of which can be shut."

Frank Rockefeller's cattle ranch in Texas is about eight miles long and varies from two to four miles in width. Here Mr. Rockefeller spends nearly all his leisure time, and he is there, to all appearances, a typical cowboy.

In the Howard college library there was recently found a copy of "Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered," that had been "brought to Naples," and bears the imperial eagles on the cover. The emperor carried it with him from Fontainebleau to Elba.

Henrik Ibsen has been living for half a year in great seclusion at Sandefjord, Norway, preparing the material for a new work. Asked if he intended to remain in Norway, he said: "Yes, in all probability. My correspondence is so extensive that this alone would make it inconvenient to change my address."

It is not generally known that Mr. Marconi, the adapter of wireless telegraphy, is as much an Italian as an Italian in all but the matter of birth. He is, in fact, first cousin to a leading Wexford merchant and the son of an Ennisworth lady. Mr. Marconi's maternal grandfather was Andrew Jameson, of Daphne castle and Fairfield, Ennisworth.

Queen Victoria was a grandmother at 40 and a great-grandmother at 60. Her first grandchild is emperor of Germany, and her first great-grandchild is the daughter of the emperor's oldest sister. It was the member of a famous Boston military company visiting in London, who, in teasing Victoria, spoke of "the queenliness of the woman and the womanliness of the queen."

SIMPLE WAYS OF ITALIANS.

They Enjoy Life Though Their Homes Are Without Ostentatious Display.

Having been shown our bedrooms in Tora, and brushed off the dust of our travel, we all met at the family table, where the venerable grandfather, who, though above 80 years of age, always rose at three a.m. to go out shooting—and a half of four years in its high chair formed the head and foot of the company. Poultry, as may be imagined, is the most frequent dish on the tables of the proprietors in these mountain villages. Beef and veal can only be had on market days in the larger towns—themselves mere villages, says a writer in Gentleman's Magazine.

This day our meal commenced with the antepasto, plates full of sliced ham, olives and sardines; then excellent soup, fish, meat, followed by cheese, green salad; each course accompanied by special wines manufactured by our host; the whole ending with splendid fruits fresh from the trees—great apples, pears as large as a baby's head, white, purple and red grapes, fresh figs and nuts.

In late autumn an important addition to the daily fare is the fine mushrooms found in the old chestnut forests; the "Ovolo," like a closed fist in shape and bright yellow in color, with a thick stalk; the "Gallinelli," so called from their likeness to a cock's comb, reddish yellow, and a large flat kind of the common mushroom shape. They are stewed with cheese or fried in olive oil, when they are as delicate as veal cutlets. As long as they last they are the main food of the peasants, who gather them in the woods at will, paying nothing.

Dinner is taken at midday and late in the evening supper.

Chi va a letto senza cena tutta la notte dorme, which may be rendered—

He who goes to bed without supper has no smooth place to rest his head, and there is a great deal of truth in the saying. We spent that first afternoon in wandering among the vineyards on the slopes of the hills. The vines were cut low and laden thick with grapes used for wine, but there was also abundance of dessert grapes of the most varied and luscious kinds.

Novel Birthday Celebration.

A birthday celebration of an unusual character took place not long ago in a Brooklyn home. The celebration was planned by a well-known woman in memory of her mother, an unusually gifted and religious woman, who died about 15 years ago. Invitations were sent to a large circle of relatives to assemble at the sender's residence on the eightieth anniversary of her mother's birth. The portrait of the deceased parent was placed in a prominent place in the drawing-room and wreathed with flowers. A sketch of her life was read by one of her descendants, another repeated her favorite prayer, all joined in singing her favorite hymn and anecdotes illustrative of her goodness and cheerfulness were related by some of the older members of the family. The idea of the celebration was to acquaint the younger representatives of the family with the character and life of their esteemed ancestor and to keep her memory fresh in the minds of the older ones. The celebration concluded with a birthday tea.—N. Y. Sun.

Wonders of a Watch.

Many watches make 3 beats per second, 360 each minute, 18,000 every hour, or 432,000 per day. This will be seen if a half-dozen turns of the key once a day, taking up four seconds of time, stores up a medium of power in the spring which is cut up into nearly 500,000 beats. If you multiply the 500,000 beats by 365½, the number of days in the year, you find that the watch ticks 182,785,000 times while the earth is making one annual trip around the sun.—Watchmaker's Journal.

Mr. Fresh.—They say kissing is unhealthy. Do you believe it?

Miss Anthropy.—Well, my brother made a forward young man who attempted it here on one occasion rather believe it was.

Teacher (respectably)—Who wrote your composition, Johnny?

"My father." "What all of it?" "None. I helped him."

HUMOROUS.

Did It Well.—Chawley Cotrox—"I think it's delightful to have nothing to do." Dolly Diaples—"And you do it so well, Charlie."—Ohio State Journal.

A Clear Field.—Towne—"I am not in love with his art." Browne—"Is he? Well, he need never have any fear of a rival."—Philadelphia Press.

Lady—"Most of your trouble, I suppose, is due to drink." Tramp—"Well, yes, lady; it is a good deal of trouble to get a drink sometimes."—Philadelphia Record.

"Why haven't you congratulated that bridal couple?" "Can't do it! I can't congratulate her because I know him, and I can't congratulate him because I know her."—Der Floh.

Still More Impressive.—"So she refused you?" "That's the impression I received." "Didn't she actually say no?" "No, she didn't. All she said was 'Ha-ha-ha!'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"I can't understand why they separated. Both boasted that there had never been a word between them." "That was just the trouble. He would not allow her to talk."—Indianapolis News.

"I am told Dickens is a household word in America." "Well, in my opinion, Dickens is hardly strong enough a word to serve the purposes of the average household in America!"—Detroit Journal.

"I was awfully glad to receive your letter stating that you had repented, but why did you send it unsealed?" "Because they say 'an open confession is good for the soul.'"—Philadelphia North American.

Mrs. Kitell (at the theatrical boarding-house to prestidigitateur)—"Dear me, Mr. Presto, you won't be playing any of your tricks during your stay here, will you?" The Great Presto—"No, only to make the fond disappearance!"—Indianapolis News.

NO ONE WANTED IT.

Roll of Bills Lay Upon a Post Office Counter for Two Hours Without Being Taken.

Somebody in a group back of the cotton exchange told a story about the miraculous recovery of a lost watch, and that, of course, set the ball rolling, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat. As usual in such cases, the next man capped the incident by a still more astonishing experience, and finally it was "passed up" to a quiet little future broker who had been listening without comment. "I never had but one adventure of that kind in my life," he said, modestly, "and I'm afraid it's hardly worth telling. It happened in this way: One afternoon last spring I went down to the post office to register a letter, and before going to the window I stopped at the public writing desk to put the address on the envelope. I had a big, fat roll of bills in my hand at the time and laid them down on the ledge beside the inkwell. I don't recall the exact sum they represented, but it was large—up in the thousands. I was in a great hurry and very much preoccupied over another matter, and when I finished the address I rushed off to the registry alcove, forgetting all about the wad on the desk.

"After that everything seemed to conspire to divert my mind. As I was leaving the building I bumped into our nursemaid, who was hunting for me frantically with a message that the baby had the croup and would I please send the doctor at once. I found him, finally, and then met my partner, who had a transfer to be signed immediately before a notary. To make a long story short, fully two hours had elapsed before I suddenly remembered about the roll of bills. It flashed through my mind like a shot, and at the next instant I had whirled around and was gazing at the post office like a madman. Of course I had no hope of finding anything more than a view, and when I turned up to the desk and saw the roll lying almost exactly where I had left it I could hardly believe my eyes. Not one was missing.

"That, gentlemen, occurred in broad daylight at the busiest part of the afternoon and in a place where hundreds of people were continually passing to and fro. I will leave it to you whether the incident was not remarkable."

"Was the wad in plain sight?" asked one of the listeners, after a pause.

"Yes, sir," replied the little broker, "and I afterward learned that it had been picked up and examined by a number of different people."

"Very strange," remarked a rice man, ironically; "the bills were genuine, I suppose?" "Certainly," replied the little man, "but I forgot to mention that they were unrepaid."

A SUDDEN TEMPTATION.

Then the Man Who Thought He Had Been Overpaid Made a Discovery.

"I think I am an honest man," said the man with a seal on his chin, "as honest as the average, but when the owner of a Boston news stand changed a ten-dollar bill for me and gave me five dollars too much, the sudden temptation overcame me. I crowded the money into my vest pocket and hurried away."

"And when at a safe distance you counted it over?" queried the man with the Shakespearean forehead, relates the Globe.

"Exactly."

"And instead of finding five dollars too much you found yourself a dollar short?"

"Two dollars short, sir."

"And you—yourself?"

"I did."

"And hunted for something to bite on?"

"Yes, sir."

"And declared it the most damnable outrage of the twentieth century on an innocent, honest man?"

"You've hit it. And now, sir?"

"Oh, no explanations are needed," interrupted the other, with a long-drawn sigh. "I've been right there myself, and as honest men you and I have no chance against the world, and can only hope to receive our reward when we die."

Love Across the Lines.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO.)

nar told him of such facts as he himself had knowledge.

"You were shot from a window by some one who saw you strike a match, my dear fellow, and who didn't care whether your eyes were closed or not," he said.

"But who was the assailant—and what was the object?"

"Under the window I found tracks. The track of a woman's number two shoe, clear cut and sufficiently deep to suggest that the wearer was in all probability a settled woman. And yet a heavy woman's feet would not have been so trim. There you have it all."

"Why should she have been there, and why should she have shot me?"

"My dear fellow, ask me who wrote Shakespeare and the letters of Julius Frankly, I know nothing on earth about this shooting beyond the simple fact. Perhaps the shot was not aimed at you." Somers reflected for a moment.

"Possibly you are correct in the suggestion. But if you, with all the information you have and knowledge of these people, are at sea, I have no chance to unravel the mystery. Evidently my best plan is my first plan—to leave at once. Some one lives who saw me in that room. The sooner I go now

the better for the good of all. Only I would have you tell me again—if I may venture that far—if my young friend is well, and understands that my recovery is accomplished."

"She is well," said Brodnar, with some constraint, "and understands."

"Look here, Francis, the truth is," said Somers, rising. "I am not fond of mystery. I proposed to keep my promise and shall, but, I mean, I came near being involved in a life-long affection that night, and I ask you now if I am to leave here with no further information."

"Yes," said Brodnar, "otherwise you would defeat the object of the whole plan. Nothing could be more unfortunate for the girl than that you should see her again or knowledge of that marriage get abroad."

"So be it," said Somers, sadly. "I keep my promise. To-night we say good-by. Brodnar sat, moodily silent, drumming upon his desk, his eyes upon the floor. Suddenly he stood erect.

"Somers, I owe you something, owe you more than I may ever be able to repay; I shall tell you this much, and let you decide for the woman."

"A telegram, doctor, for Mr. R. Somers—your care." A boy had entered hurriedly and stood waiting. Somers took the message from the doctor's hand, and, the messenger vanishing, he read aloud:

"Report in person immediately to this office." "STANTON, Secretary of War."

Brodnar looked steadily into the glad, bright face of his friend, who was upon his feet in an instant and full of excitement.

"Will you report there?"

"Will I? It is the dream of my life, Brodnar—but—but—you were saying—"

"Nothing."

"I don't understand you, Frank."

"No member of the family, Dick, you have entered, ever drew sword against Virginia. You must choose between the woman and—"

"My country? Is that it? How would you choose, Frank?" Brodnar was silent, looking away. "Take this message to her for me, my friend; it is the last request, perhaps. I shall ever make to you."

"Dick—"

"Say to her that Richard Somers passes out of her life to serve his country. His duty done, please God, and she needs his arm, he will follow her to the end of the earth. Say that for me; and then, farewell."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NAPOLION'S EVIL EYE.

A Feature of the Emperor That Revealed His Intense Love of Warfare.

Lord Russell, when the present writer questioned him about Napoleon, said, and emphatically repeated, that there was something very evil in his eye, says Goldwin Smith, in Atlantic. He added that the eye flashed as an allusion to the excitement of war as contrasted with the dullness of Elba. A feature in the character which, perhaps, has hardly been enough noticed, was a sheer lust of war, and especially of battles, the emotions of which, Napoleon seems to have owned, were agreeable to him. It appears not improbable that this had a share, together with his insatiable ambition and his political need of glory, in launching him on his mad invasion of Russia, for which it is difficult to assign any political purpose, as he refused to restore the kingdom of Poland.

Another feature not much noticed in Napoleon's character is his classicism. In his early days he had employed his garrison leisure partly in reading Roman history; and instead of being repelled he had been fascinated by the presentation of the Roman empire in Tacitus. We see the result in his Eagles, his Legion of Honor, his political nomenclature, and the general cast of his political institutions. Perhaps the image of the Roman empire as a model for reproduction floated vaguely before his mind as it does before those of our imperialists at the present day. A grosser anachronism, it is needless to say, there could not be than an attempt to impose on the European family of living nations anything like the yoke imposed by Rome on a set of conquered provinces in which national spirit was extinct.

Egyptian Sugar Export. Egypt exported last year 68,000 tons of sugar, 353,9 tons of which went to America.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

INSURANCE Notice

AGENCY OF A. S. SHERMAN, MERCHANTS BANK.

THE FOLLOWING COMPANIES REPRESENTED IN NEWPORT BY MR. J. D. JOHNSON, 121-123 N. Main St., are: London & Lancashire, London & Lancashire, London & Lanc

PORTO RICAN ROW

A Matter of Deep Interest to the War Department

Conflict of Reports Causes Uncertainty as to Exact Status.

Washington, April 12.—Although Porto Rico ceased last May to be under the control of the war department, its officials are taking a deep interest in the controversy occasioned by Governor Allen's optimistic picture of the conditions in that island.

The newspapers have for some days been filled with reports of another sort, notably that contained in the reply of Venustiano Borda, the Porto Rican commissioner at New York, and in the petition signed by 6000 workmen, which will in a few days be presented to the president. Governor Allen says it is a very simple matter to get up such petitions and that they signify little.

Dr. H. K. Carroll, it will be recalled, gave a discouraging picture of Porto Rican conditions a few months ago, on his return from a visit to the island, and he had been the specially appointed commissioner to study its needs at the time our government was extended over it. He is an unflinching Republican and devotedly loyal to President McKinley.

In this conflict of testimony war department officials profess some uncertainty. They say there is undoubtedly a greater emigration of Porto Rican laborers to other places, notably to Hawaii and Louisiana, than ever before. General Flieger, on his return from a visit to the island, commented upon the proportions of this movement, declaring that it was one of the best things that ever happened to the island, which was overstocked with population and with labor, and needed an outlet. They regard the emigration not as an evidence of greater poverty than had before existed, but rather of the shaking up which American rule has occasioned. The Porto Ricans have learned of the outside world and desire to test its opportunities.

Professor Hollander, who drew up the much-discussed tax law for the island, has said in private letters received here that if the Porto Ricans would employ the same intensive culture with their land which the small European proprietors exhibit it would support them. Otherwise there must be an overflow of population so densely is the little island peopled. It has no large cities, which makes the even pressure of its rural population the more marked.

In support of Mr. Allen's view of the favorable outlook, war department officials note that it would be a very simple matter to figure the sum which the Porto Rican producers save in import duties here over the people raising the same things in Cuba and elsewhere. The difference, even with the 15 percent in operation, is so great that were it made a fund, and the effect upon the United States treasury is not far different, it would do much towards supporting the islanders in the primitive conditions of their life. If they are poor, with the American markets practically open, close observers of the situation do not see how they could be better off in any ordinary circumstances.

Skull Fractured With a Bat
Rockland, Me., April 10.—James Furey of Bangor, whose skull was fractured late Tuesday night during a row in a place kept by Fred Savage, is still at the police station in a precarious condition, although he is expected to recover. Savage will be kept locked up until it is definitely settled whether Furey will survive. The prisoner admits having used a baseball bat that was found broken in his saloon, to defend himself with.

Aged Man Charged With Stabbing
Fall River, Mass., April 8.—Hoscoe Sopesky, 30 years old, is in a precarious condition, and John Cole, 63, is locked up on a charge of committing an assault upon him. Cole and the Pole reside in the same building and of late have had considerable trouble. They met last night in an entryway and as the result of a row, it is alleged that Cole stabbed Sopesky in the throat.

Mill Hands Exposed to Smallpox
Fitchburg, Mass., April 11.—John Begnoche, 21 years old, had been sick for 10 days without the attendance of a doctor. Tuesday night a physician was called in, who pronounced the disease a genuine case of smallpox. The patient died yesterday. A great many people have been exposed to infection, as his sisters have worked in the mills every day since he was taken sick.

"Doped" to Death
Boston, April 8.—Patrick Murphy, a veteran of the Spanish war, strong and able-bodied, but for a year past addicted to the use of morphine, died last night from the effects of an overdose. He had been invited to spend Easter with friends, and in their presence consumed almost an entire box of morphine pills, against their remonstrances.

Back to Normal Conditions
Bangor, Me., April 12.—So far as can be learned the danger point along the Penobscot from the great freshet which has prevailed since last Saturday afternoon has passed. Railroad men declare that within a short time whatever congestion the flood has caused in freight traffic will be relieved.

Thirty-One Years in One Pulpit
Providence, April 9.—Rev. C. A. L. Richards, for 31 years rector of St. John's Episcopal church, tendered his resignation to the corporation of the church last night. His resignation is due to advancing age and recent illness. He will doubtless be made rector emeritus.

Liquor Dealers on Probation
River Point, R. I., April 9.—At the meeting of the Warwick town council yesterday the complaints against the Jericho liquor dealers, the revocation of whose licenses had been demanded for Sunday selling, were continued for two weeks. The dealers complained of having signed an agreement to observe the law prohibiting Sunday selling and are practically on probation now.

GRANTED RESPITE

Life of Murderer Storti Is Prolonged Thirty Days

Other News of Interest From Various Parts of New England States.

Boston, April 10.—The executive council yesterday, by a unanimous vote, recommended that the governor grant a respite to Luigi Storti, now under sentence of death at the state prison, until May 11, 1901. The governor, therefore, granted the respite, which is practically a 30 days' reprieve.

In his remarks before the council Governor Crane made it very plain that his desire to grant the additional lease of life to the condemned man was due solely to the physical condition of the prisoner, and that no witness had appeared or word come to cause him to change his belief that the murder was premeditated and done in cold blood.

Clarence W. Howley, counsel for Storti, said that he did not know what would be the next legal step to be taken in the interest of his client.

The reprieve was read to Storti in his cell in state prison late in the afternoon by Dr. He Amazaga, Warden Bridges being present at the time. Storti appeared to be in a stupor, and, while probably not understanding the words of the document read, he did catch the purport, and it dawned upon him that his life had been prolonged. A few minutes later he feebly spoke to the doctor and warden in words that meant thankfulness for their efforts in securing delay of execution. Storti's condition does not show any material change, but the prison physicians say he undoubtedly has improved slightly.

Kidnapped His Own Child

South Norwalk, Conn., April 12.—Ernest H. Wilson, formerly of this city, now of Stamford, brought to South Norwalk last night his 3-year-old child, who he had kidnapped from her mother in Brooklyn. Wilson and his wife separated two years ago, and it is said, Mrs. Wilson took the little girl, then but a year old, and left for parts unknown. Lately the husband learned that Mrs. Wilson was in Brooklyn. Wilson went to Brooklyn yesterday, and with a lawyer visited the house where he found his child alone. He succeeded in persuading the little one to accompany him, although she did not recognize him after the two years of separation, and brought her to this city. Wilson has a divorce pending on the ground of separation.

League Agent Attending to Business

Colebrook, N. H., April 12.—The presence of Rev. J. B. Carruthers, agent of the New Hampshire Anti-Saloon league, in town, has caused a panic among those who have been selling liquor. Several raids on saloons were made, the intoxicants taken from one drug store being worth \$500. In West Stewartstown, also, Mr. Carruthers made some unexpected calls and got plenty of liquor.

Babe Was Found in a Lot

Bridgewater, Conn., April 12.—Josephine Zolinski, a Polish woman, aged 25, and unmarried, was arrested last night on suspicion of the murder of a babe whose dead body was found in a vacant lot. It is stated by friends of the woman that on Sunday night she went away with the child, saying that she was going to place it in the care of a relative. An inquest will be held.

Said They Were Well Treated

Boston, April 12.—The investigation of the South Boston house of correction by the board of aldermen was resumed yesterday by the presentation of the evidence for the defense. A number of prisoners were called, who spoke in high praise of the institution, its officers, the food, the medical attendance and the discipline.

Cigar-makers Won't Strike

Manchester, N. H., April 12.—All possibility of a strike between the cigar makers and manufacturers in this city was declared off yesterday when a committee from the Cigar-makers' union visited the manufacturers and succeeded in coming to an agreement, there being concessions on both sides. The new price list will go into effect on Monday.

Elois of Dixon Divorce Case

Boston, April 12.—Beginning next Monday, Rev. Joseph K. Dixon, once pastor of the Warren Avenue Baptist church, must pay to his former wife, Anne Dixon, \$10 weekly as alimony, according to Judge Fessenden's decree yesterday. The custody of the young child, Dorothy, was given to Mrs. Dixon by the further order of the court.

Girl Charged With Setting Fire

Newton, Mass., April 12.—Evelyn H. Gray, 16 years old, who lives with Mrs. S. J. Hayward, was arrested yesterday, charged with setting fire to the house. Evelyn has made her home with the Hayward family for more than 10 years. There was a fire in the house Wednesday night, and the police claim that the girl was the cause of it.

Curtilage at Biddeford

Biddeford, Me., April 12.—The Pepperell Manufacturing company, which employs about 4000 textile workers, this morning began a curtilage of production. The mills will be shut down today and tomorrow, and it is understood that they will be closed two days in each week, until there is an improvement in the market.

Epidemic on the Wane

New Haven, April 12.—The typhoid fever situation shows a noticeable improvement over the preceding days. But 11 cases were reported up to noon yesterday, and it is understood that the reports for the afternoon, which have not yet been tabulated, also indicate a decrease of the spread of the disease.

Minister and Wife "Regulated"

Independence, O., April 12.—A number of negroes made up of members of the faction in the Baptist church, that is opposed to its pastor, Elder J. T. Ellis, seized the minister and his wife after prayer meeting last night, threw ropes around their necks, dragged them into a hollow beside the road and "regulated" them with barred slaves laid roughly on their backs.

NEGOTIATING FOR PEACE

Botha Considers It Useless to Fight, as De Wet's Intellect Has Weakened

Cape Town, April 11.—General Botha has reopened negotiations with the British for peace. As explained here, this action was determined in part by General Botha's discovery at a recent meeting that General De Wet's intellect had weakened, that his influence with his followers was diminishing, and that a continuance of the campaign, in view of General De Wet's irresponsibility, rested with General Botha alone.



GENERAL CHRISTIAN DE WET.

It is understood here that, although General De Wet at his recent interview with General Botha refused to surrender, General Botha, regarding him as irresponsible, undertakes to negotiate in behalf of the entire Boer forces. The British authorities here consider that if General Botha surrenders, De Wet's following can be easily taken.

From a Catholic Standpoint

Chicago, April 12.—Educational legislation in the United States was attacked yesterday in the discussion at the Roman Catholic educational conference, as being unfair, partial and prejudicial to the private rights of individuals and to religious institutions in the tendency of the laws to absolute state control of schools. The educators urged combined and earnest action to extend and perfect the Roman Catholic educational system and protect the institutions championing it, in order to win in the competition between the secular and church institutions. It was claimed that the present time is the most critical one to determine the supremacy or weakening of the church educational system.

Stories of Plots Discredited

London, April 12.—A dispatch from St. Petersburg says that the stories of plots against the life of the czar, which found their way into the American press, were common talk on the streets of St. Petersburg months before they were published, but their inherent improbability and falsity as to details caused them to be generally disbelieved. Emperor Nicholas certainly does not seem to entertain this fear, for he comes to the city frequently to transact state affairs, or to attend public concerts.

Platform Modifications Not Unlikely

Port Smith, Ark., April 12.—Chairman James K. Jones of the national Democratic committee, in an interview yesterday considered absurd the talk of some "formerly recognized leaders of the party" about the necessity for reorganization. "It is quite within reason to believe," said Mr. Jones, "that there will be modifications of the platform of Chicago or Kansas City, but what these modifications may be no one can say, although it is not probable such modifications will be radical in character."

Chinamen in a Serious Scrape

Manchester, N. H., April 8.—Wan Sang, Moy Kee and Moy Sing, local Chinese laundrymen, were arrested yesterday on the charge of felonious assault, while See Coon, a fellow countryman, who lived with Wan Sang, is held as a witness. The arrests followed the story told by Lena Conroy, aged 14, who disappeared from her home in this city Nov. 20 last. Yesterday she told the police that she had been living with Wan Sang at his laundry.

Professor Goodwin Resigns

Cambridge, Mass., April 11.—Professor William W. Goodwin, Eliot professor of Greek literature at Harvard for the past 41 years, yesterday handed in his resignation, which will take effect at the close of the present college year. He is 70 years old and since 1856 has served the college in various capacities. He was born in Concord Mass., in 1831. Professor Goodwin is the author of a number of works, and has a wide international reputation.

Jail Breaker's Novel Defense

Dedham, Mass., April 9.—Andrew C. Renick of Hyde Park was before the superior court yesterday charged with breaking out of the Dedham house of correction, where he was serving a three years' term for polygamy. He claimed in defense that he walked out of an open door. The jury, however, found him guilty and he was given two years more in the same institution.

Taylor Shows Germans How to Ride

Berlin, April 12.—In the bicycle races here yesterday, "Major" Taylor, the American, won the kilometer, defeating several German riders and leading around by 20 lengths. In the tandem race, 100 metres, Taylor and Arend were the winners.

Took a Dose of Ash

Calais, Me., April 10.—William Doyle, 27 years old, committed suicide yesterday by drinking carbolic acid. He committed the act in a room adjoining a local restaurant. He died in 15 minutes, after an unsuccessful attempt of two physicians to save his life.

Wholesale Discharge of Workmen

Berlin, April 12.—The Lokal Anzeiger and the Frankfurter Zeitung confirm the report that 5000 of the workmen of Herr Krupp have been dismissed, including 3000 who were employed in the cannon works.

Made Richer by Ten Millions

Chicago, April 11.—Armour institute in this city, which owes its existence to the late Philip D. Armour, today received an additional \$10,000,000 to its endowment, the money coming from Mrs. P. D. Armour and J. Ogden Armour, widow and son of the founder. The announcement of the gift was a surprise even to the officials of the institution.

CITY OF NEWPORT.

Notice of Applications

—FOR—

Liquor Licenses.

AT THE MEETING of the board of Police Commissioners of the city of Newport, held Friday, March 23, 1901, the following-named persons made application for liquor licenses under the provision of Chapter 102 of the General Laws of Rhode Island, to sell pure, spirituous, intoxicating and malt liquors within the limits of the city, namely:

FIRST CLASS.
Corbett, Patrick H., 433 Thames street.
Denniston Co., 27 and 29 Kinsey wharf.
Garrettson, P. P. & Co., 10 and 20 Washington square.
Horgan, Patrick H., 221 Thames street.
Hager Bros., 283 Thames street.
Shelton, Dennis W., 18 and 20 Kinsey wharf.
Veigt, Ernst, 628 and 630 Thames street.

SECOND CLASS.
Alexander, John, 21 State street.
Atwater, John C., 25 Thames street.
Berghman, Charles O., 79 William street.
Bundy, Hugh P., 45 Thames street.
Brennan, John, 31 Bath road.
Bryer, Foley, 25 and 27 Broadway.
Duckley, Daniel J., 511 Thames street.
Hurke, Patrick B., 71 West Broadway.
Burkshaw, Dexter H., 25 Thames street.
Brown, George, 83 Long wharf.
Coco, Joseph V., 111 Long wharf.
Culter, Daniel J., 86 West Broadway.
Conchency, James A., 619 Thames street.
Conchency, James J., 515 Spring street.
Coudon, Patrick R., 101 Long wharf.
Coudon, John J., 55 Long wharf.
Connell, Patrick, 42 Barnside avenue.
Connolly, Thomas, 8 Kinsey wharf.
Carran, Michael, 35 West Broadway.
Denniston Co., 27 and 29 Kinsey wharf.
Donovan, Joseph T., 33 Thames street.
Edson, William M., 28 Levin street.
Egan, James, 45 and 47 West Broadway.
Egan, John J., 78 West Broadway.
Finn, John H., 47 Spring street.
Fisher & Horgan, 111 Thames street.
Foley, Patrick, 32 Calender avenue.
Graham, Richard D., 3 West Broadway.
Groff, Albert G., 89 Bridge street.
Hansen, William, 21 Prospect Hill street.
Healey, John, 518 Thames street.
Hogan, Michael J., 10 Franklin street.
Horgan, Patrick J., 68 West Broadway.
Horgan, James V., 110 Long wharf.
Horgan, George P., 10 Franklin street.
Horgan, Patrick H., 2 West Broadway.
Houghton, George E., United States Hotel.
Jacobi, John N., 13 and 15 Franklin street.
Kearney, Michael H., 277 Thames street.
Kerley, John, 53 Thames street.
Lowrey, John, 412 Thames street.
Manning, Michael, 62 Thames street.
Martin, William H., 42 Thames street.
Martin, John T., 55 Thames street.
Methermott, Charles, 18 Prospect Hill street.
McGowan, Daniel J., 10, 12 and 11 Washington square.

McLaughlin, Cornelius, 49 Thames street.
Mead, James M., 14 and 21 Long wharf.
Murphy, James, 52 Dixon street.
Murphy, Michael J., 125 Thames street.
Murray, Michael F., 6 Market square.
Nolan, John B., 37 Bath road.
Nolan, Patrick, 106 William street.
O'Brien, William S., 11, 13, 15 and 17 Washington square.
Oukley, Francis, 300 Thames street.
O'Connell, Timothy R., 59 Long wharf.
O'Neill, Michael, 16 Long wharf.
Ormsby, William, 28 Thames street.
Quigley, William, 49 Thames street.
Read & Draper, 175 Thames street.
Rife, William D., 20 Thames street.
Ritt, Charles, 32 Market square.
Schmidt, Adam, 182 East Bovey street.
Shanahan, John, 101 and 103 Thames street.
Shen, Daniel, 631 Thames street.
Shen, John D., 506 Thames street.
Shen, Patrick, 30 Market square.
Shelton, Daniel, 10 Collins street.
Sheehan, Daniel R., 110 Thames street.
Sheehan, Patrick, 50 West Broadway.
Shedden, Daniel R., 25 Long wharf.
Shields, Edward, 47 Long wharf.
Shen, Jeremiah J., 125 Long wharf.
Smith, Patrick J., 182 Long wharf.
Smith, Dennis J., 81 Thames street.
Sullivan, Charles H., 117 & 119 Thames street.
Sullivan, George W., 10 Levin street.
Sullivan, Jeremiah T., 157 Thames street.
Sullivan, John J., 628 Thames street.
Sullivan, Timothy, 11 Bath road.
Sweeney, Robert J., 5 and 7 DeBolt street.
Trager, Charles A., 8 Middletown avenue.
Vincent, Louis A., 33 Thames street.
Volpi, Ernst, 328 and 330 Thames street.
Walsh, John A., 25 Long wharf.
Walsh, Daniel J., 8 West Marlborough street.
Walters, Valentine W., 670 Thames street.
Weaver, Alva W., 70 Thames street.
Vates, William, 51 Thames street.

The board of Police Commissioners will be in session at their office, City Hall Building, Friday, April 19, at 8 P. M., when opportunity will be given for remonstrants to be heard, before acting upon said applications.

All bonds must be filed at least three days before the hearing, as no application will be acted upon until the bond has been approved.

Published by order of the Police Commissioners.

GEO. H. VAUGHAN, Clerk.

1-2-2

1-2-2

1-2-2

1-2-2

1-2-2

1-2-2

1-2-2

1-2-2

1-2-2

1-2-2

1-2-2

1-2-2

1-2-2

1-2-2

1-2-2

1-2-2

1-2-2

1-2-2

1-2-2

1-2-2

1-2-2

1-2-2

1-2-2

1-2-2

1-2-2

1-2-2

1-2-2

1-2-2

1-2-2

1-2-2

1-2-2

1-2-2

1-2-2

1-2-2

1-2-2

1-2-2

1-2-2

1-2-2

1-2-2

1-2-2

1-2-2

1-2-2

1-2-2

1-2-2

1-2-2

1-2-2

1-2-2

1-2-2

1-2-2

1-2-2

1-2-2

Industrial Trust Co.,

Capital — — — \$1,200,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits 671,112.39

Newport Office, 303 Thames Street.

This company receives deposits subject to check at sight, and pays interest upon daily balances of \$300 and over.

CERTIFICATES OF DEPOSIT.

For sums of money that are to remain for a considerable length of time, Certificates of Deposit will be issued with interest as agreed upon.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

Moneys received on this account, which combines the advantages of Savings Banks, with Additional Security of the Capital Stock of this company. Quarters commence the 15th days of February, May, August and November. Deposits on or before the 15th of those months draw interest from the first. Dividends payable Feb. 16 and Aug. 16.

The Company has the largest capital of any banking institution in Rhode Island—20 per cent. of which is under the provisions of its charter deposited in approved securities with the State Treasurer.

Board of Managers.

FREDERICK TOMPKINS, Chairman,
THOMAS DUNN,
HENRY A. C. TAYLOR,
THOMAS P. PECKHAM, Manager.

H. AUDLEY CLARKE,
THEODORE K. GIBBS,
ANGUS McLEOD,
JEREMIAH W. HORTON,
GEORGE H. CHASE.

THE CHARACTER
—OF A—
Suit of Clothes

IS THE GREATER PORTION OF ITS VALUE.

It is this quality of character which has helped to make our clothes famous, besides the fact that they contain every essential quality of the made-to-order sort at about one-half the price.

Apply the test of your personal investigation today.

Newport One Price
Clothing Co.,

208 THAMES STREET. 208

What the People Say!

THAT THE MOST EXTENSIVE AND BEST SELECTION OF

TRIMMED HATS

—AND—

Millinery Novelties

can be found at

SCHREIER'S,

All the popular shapes. Special shapes of our own design.

Flowers, Straw Braids, Laces,
Gold Braids, Ornaments.

Everything in the line to be found at the

LEADER,

SCHREIER'S Queen Anne Millinery Establishment, 118 Thames Street.



Newport and Fall River St. Ry. Co.

(ILLUMINATING DEPT.)

Electric Lighting. Electric Power.

Residences and Stores Furnished with
Electricity at lowest rates.

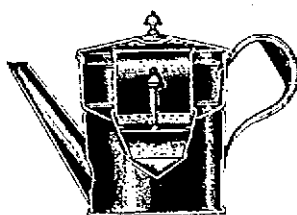
Electric Supplies. Fixtures and Shades.

419 to 455 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

Alpha Home Pudding,
THE LATEST THING OUT.Scotch Oats, fresh
Smalley Fruit Jars,

NEW DESIGNS.

S. S. THOMPSON.



When You Want a COFFEE POT

BUY THE BEST.

"The Perfecter"

Is far superior to anything now on the market as a coffee maker. Ask your dealer for it and take NO other if you want the BEST.

Women's Dep't.

Designing Advertisements.

Getting up attractive advertisements is an industry in which many women have made a success. An old combination of qualities is demanded. One must be original, ingenious, and have ability to turn to picturesque account the homely scenes of life. If a talent for versifying and a bent for humor be added, there is a plain path to success and a good income.

Women in large cities find a ready market for their clever ideas in this line. "One bright member of the sex," says the New York Evening Post, "is the editor of a paper devoted to the science of advertising, and several hundred women gain a good livelihood in this field of work. Their pay ranges from \$15 a week upwards, the most highly paid one of whom there is any record receiving \$12,000 a year. These advertising constructors do not work along the same lines. Nearly every one excels in some particular style of work. Where one utilizes drawings and figures, another makes a specialty of clever verse, and takes considerable pride in her 'replete poetry,' and has written enough of these effusions to fill a large volume. According to her, advertising poems are good for posters and for signs in cars and ferriesboats, but are not very effective upon circulars or in newspapers. A third type combines drawing with verse, and devises illustrated poems in magazines. A third depends upon humor to make an advertisement successful, and gets up comical paragraphs, sketches and stories. Writing circulars or advertising stories, when well done, are paid for handsomely. Five hundred dollars has been gladly given by enterprising merchants to clever women for stories of this class.

Quite a group rewrite and improve the advertisements of business men. A few attend to everything, from the composition of the notice to its insertion in periodicals or its appearance in the cars or on the billboards. About one-third are connected with a single house each; another third represent several houses; the remaining third are free lances, selling their designs to whoever will buy them. Some are connected with newspapers or other publications, and thus draw an income from both sides. Now and then one will develop a specialty. A New York woman has considerable skill as a draughtsman. She makes a picture in which there is a blank left for a name or notice. It is then copyrighted by process to a plate. She then copyrights the picture and sells the local right to use it to a newspaper or a merchant.

"Advertisement writing is a distinct branch of art," literary art, say some. It was brought to its present development by men employed by great circus owners. They made a specialty of using alliteration, rhythm, and often rhyme. They ransacked the dictionary for obsolete, rare and curious words. The men and women of to day have adopted the same methods. There is still a strong tendency toward "circling" or "looming." The two words signify the exaggeration of a fact to a point just short of being ridiculous. An ordinary fact becomes an unparalleled achievement; a lot of goods is a bewildering variety; a reduction of prices is an unprecedented slaughter; cheap beauty is unsurpassable splendor; the smallest transaction is a memorable event, and a common bargain is a phenomenal opportunity. "The work is not easy, and many women break down under the strain. The labor is frequently severe, especially when getting up a full page advertisement for a large department store, which must be sent to the newspaper offices daily."

Co-operation, Not Conflict.

Mrs. A. J. George, at the legislative hearing last week, affirmed that the woman suffrage movement is based upon "sex antagonism." Nothing can be more absolutely at variance with the fact. The essence of the claim for equal suffrage is that men and women are made to supplement each other, and that neither sex acting alone can accomplish the best results.

From fifty years' observation, and a most happy personal experience, I am able to testify. I have never known a single case of discord between husband and wife who believed in woman suffrage and recognized marriage as a lifelong partnership of equals with reciprocal rights and duties. The families of suffragists have been uniformly happy families, and even where husband and wife have held opposite views as regards suffrage, I have known very few cases where the difference of opinion has resulted in personal alienation.

I wish I could say the same of many households where these views of social equality did not prevail. If our friends, the non-suffragists, enjoy equal domestic harmony, they indeed deserve congratulations. The fact that divorces are so few in Wyoming, where absolute equality has prevailed for 32 years, as compared with adjoining States where woman are not yet enfranchised, is only a confirmation of the truth of Kossuth's maxim that "justice always satisfies."

—H. B. B.

Women's Manufactures.

One of the many novel and interesting features of the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo next summer will be an extensive exhibition of women's manufactures. "The general public will realize the extent and importance of this class of industries. It has been made apparent to the Board of Women Managers of the Exposition, however, by the numerous applications from prospective exhibitors.

One woman makes rugs, and has built up quite an industry. She keeps a large number of wives and daughters of New England farmers busy with her work. Another manufactures artistic jewel settings, another exquisite things in pottery, another carved and decorative leather. In fact, the women's manufactures are so many that it would require much space to enumerate them.

The Committee on Applied Arts of the Board of Women Managers has arranged to establish in the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building a commodious booth in which articles manufactured by women may be exhibited at a nominal cost to the exhibitors, and arrangements will be made under which orders may be taken for articles like those displayed.

"Why, Johnny, I'm ashamed of you. How could you take little Ethel's half of the apple away from her?" "Cause, ma, I ain't forgot what you told me—to take sister's part!"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"Doctor, don't you think that raw oysters are healthy?" "Yes, I never knew one to complain."—Marine Journal.

Those Pretty Treasury Girls

By Margaret S. Burke.

(Copyright, 1901, by the author by syndicate)

"VIOLETS?" said Miss Midway, "where did you get them?" "Now you are asking a question that would have ruined my promotion, for I should have lost a hundred credits on it."

"That is the cream of the joke," interrupted Miss Morton, "for every morning brings a bouquet addressed to Mrs. Lucia Drummond, and nobody knows who sends them."

"Why, how romantic! Aren't you curious about it, Mrs. Drummond?"

"I was at first, but one gets used to almost anything in Washington, and now I begin to take it as a matter of course, and I should miss them very much should they cease coming." And Miss Lucia looked lovingly at the scented blossoms with eyes of the self-same hue, a soft flush coming into her cheek, that had faded from the long winter's work in the treasury department.

"Oh! but she is a sly cat," said Mr. Paul Pry, another clerk in the same room, as Miss Midway sealed herself at a desk next to his.

"What do you mean? You mystify me, for she seems as open as the day."

"You ladies are so delightfully credulous," sneered he. "But do you suppose for a moment that a man is going to send expensive, winter flowers to a lady for months, and never seek to know more of her? Miss Midway, you are new here, and I would advise you to look out about your intimacies."

Mrs. Drummond had declined this man's attentions in their earliest acquaintance.

"I think I know how to take care of myself," said Miss Midway, flapping over the leaves of her ledger with rather unnecessary energy. "He would be just as ready to hint against me," she thought.

But alas! Mr. Paul Pry's hints did not fall on such cold ears in every instance, and after awhile Mrs. Drummond began to notice averted faces as she passed; she, in her innocence, never suspected the cause, and the flowers of her unknown friend were her greatest comfort when Misses Midway and Morton were almost her only friends in the office.

"Oh, I wonder what I have done!" she cried, in the privacy of her home (a room in a house where rooms were to let), but in public she kept a brave, bright face, and appeared not to notice. A complaint was carried even to the secretary, about the discredit to the office, etc., but he dismissed it summarily.

Mrs. Drummond was made a widow by the fortunes of war, and "Uncle Sam" adopted her as a protégée by giving her a place in the public service. She was one of the few handsome women in the departments at Washington, that have been manipulated by popular report into the myth about the "pretty treasury girls," which a deluded public has so long accepted as history.

It was a holiday for the department people. The excursion boat went steaming down the Potomac, bearing a crowd of people. Miss Midway had persuaded Mrs. Drummond to go, and the two were sitting on the bow of the boat, when Miss Midway saw an acquaintance approaching, accompanied by a tall, dignified looking man.

A plentiful sprinkling of gray in his luxuriant hair proclaimed him already past the meridian of life; but time had only added intellectual graces to the lines of beauty in his strong face. Something told Lucia that he was coming to be introduced to her, so that she felt no surprise when, merely greeting Miss Midway, he passed around to her side, and stood with his hand on the back of her chair till a change in the crowd allowed him a seat beside her. It was Representative Richard Stanfield, a man of unusual ability, and a large income.

"The roses you wear are drooping early in the day," he remarked, pointing to a corsage bouquet of the rarest rosebuds.

"They are not perfectly fresh," she replied, "they were sent me by a friend yesterday."

A curious look was on Mr. Stanfield's face as she said "by a friend," but he went on: "I would like to get you some better ones. I saw some for sale below. But I presume you think too much of those to exchange them for the gift of a new acquaintance."

"To the contrary, I would be very glad to have fresher ones," she said, and a fleeting look, that seemed like disappointment, came into the fine eyes that watched her as she flung the faded flowers overboard.

"Will you go with me and choose your flowers, then?" he asked, gently. She consented, and, excusing themselves to the others, they departed.

"He is evidently hard hit," said the friend who introduced him. "I saw him when I first came aboard, watching her face like a play; and as soon as he saw me bow to you, he entered into an unusually friendly talk, and it was quite amusing to see his maneuvers till I offered to introduce him."

On the deck below Mr. Stanfield was saying: "You are not very sentimental, I imagine, or else the friend who sent you those flowers has failed to get a place for his offering on the altar of your heart!"

"You mistake in both," she replied; "for I think I am rather given to sentiment. But it is impossible to keep one's feelings at tropical heat all the time, and I receive those flowers every day. When a thing becomes common, it is hard on sentiment, you know." A swift look of pain flashed across his expressive face, to be followed by an

open gleam of satisfaction as she went on: "But to be candid, those flowers are so dear to me that I should miss them sadly should they come no more."

From that time the flowers ceased as mysteriously as they began.

"Your horticultural lover is dead, I presume," laughed Miss Morton, a week or two afterward.

"Or the agricultural department may have created a corner on seeds, you know," said Miss Midway. "Or his member refused him an order." But Lucia never hinted that a bouquet had come to her home several times since the excursion, from the Hon. Richard Stanfield. And she hardly admitted even to herself that she found a posy from this tangible come one far more delightful than the tormenting daily gift that left her continually in doubt.

"Violets!" said Lucia in delighted tones the following spring, as Mr. Stanfield presented the first of the season. "The last violets I had were from my unknown friend."

"What friend?" asked he, in apparent surprise.

"Of course you would not remember," said she, "but I told you about it, the day we met."

"And you threw his last bouquet into the river that day," interrupted Mr. Stanfield.

"Why, how did you know?" asked she, astonished. Then blushing a vivid red, as she met the conscious look in his eyes: "Oh!" catching her breath as the truth dawned upon her.

"I thought I would make them less common, you know, and find if sentiment would better thrive thereby. Has it?"

"You were cruel," she said, in a trembling voice; "for I feared that I had, somehow, offended a friend."

"But you haven't, you see," said he, his heart strangely divided against itself, thrilling joyously at the thought that all this time, in the unknown, she had been cherishing him, and yet jealous of himself, because she could do so after he became "the known."

"Lucia, tell me all about it, for it makes me horribly unhappy to think you could regret some one else, even if he does turn out to be myself."

"To tell the truth," said she, "it seemed only half a loss, for I always



"WHY, HOW DID YOU KNOW?"

felt that you had come in his place. I suppose that was because you sent flowers, too; and they seemed far sweeter when I knew who sent them."

"Was that all the reason?" he whispered.

"What other reason could I have, Mr. Stanfield?"

"Oh, Lucia! be above it. He your own true, candid self. Years ago I knew a little woman who looked like the spring to your summer; we loved each other—Lucia started, and involuntarily put out her hand, he took it in his own and said: 'Come, love, you have nothing to fear; she is dead long since, and my affection for you is of summer intensity to that vernal sentiment!'"

For hours they sat in happy communion, and Mr. Stanfield told her how he had seen her, but knew of no mutual friend who could perform the necessary introduction. Yet the strange, sweet feeling in his heart compelled him to do something to make her happier, while he watched for a chance that would make them known to each other.

When congress adjourned the Hon. Richard Stanfield took a bride to his home, and department life lost one of "the pretty treasury girls."

"There are few like her left in this building, I can tell you," said Mr. Paul Pry, with his thumbs in the armholes of his vest; "and for my part, I am glad to see her escape from such contaminating associations."

"It would be well to marry them all off to congressmen, then," said Miss Midway; "for, according to your former opinions, I presume that must have effected a startling change in Lucia's case."

And right there and then occurred a phenomenon in nature. Mr. Paul Pry actually blushed.

Guess Again.

"When does a man become a seaman?" "When he hears and haws."

"No."

"When he threatens his way?"

"No."

"When he rips and tears?"

"No."

"Give it up."

"Never, if he can help it."—Boston Christian Register.

Parce of barley with chicken. Soak two ounces of pearl barley in cold water for 12 hours. Then add to it two quarts of good chicken stock. Boil till the barley bursts, adding more stock as it diminishes. When the broth thickens take it off and force through a strainer. Add to it then some diced shaped bits of cold cooked chicken that have been fried just a bit in butter.—Boston Budget

The Test.—"He is not a genuine literary man," said Hiland to Halket, referring to one who made literary pretension. "How do you know?" "He always uses the word 'extract' instead of 'excerpt!'"

CASTORIA. The Kid Yea Bare Always Bought

Beard's Signature

GREGORY'S MARBLEHEAD SEED

For over 43 years Gregory's Seed have been famous in every hamlet of the land for their freshness, purity and thorough reliability. To those who plant such seed we shall be pleased to send free our Catalogue. Market Gardeners have learned the wisdom of buying their seed directly from the grower, and we have a large and increasing trade from them. We make a specialty of several varieties of onion seed and cabbage seed and have an extra strain of the Danvers Carrot, all of which we grow on our seed farms from selected stock.

J. J. H. GREGORY & SON, Marblehead, Mass.

TWO WOMEN KNIGHTED.

Earned the Honor by Gallantry During Siege of Legation in China.

In the list of honors proposed by the French foreign office and just signed by the president of the republic are the names of two ladies, Mme. Leutier and Mme. von Rosthorn. The two new feminine knights of the Legion of Honor have both been decorated for gallant conduct in China. The former is the lady superintendent of the French hospital at Peking, the latter the wife of the charge d'affaires of Austro-Hungary at Peking, who has been made an officer of the Legion of Honor. M. and Mme. von Rosthorn, after the destruction of the Austro-Hungarian legation, sought refuge in the French residence, where both husband and wife helped in the defense of the besieged building with untiring energy. Mme. von Rosthorn is the second woman of foreign nationality upon whom the French government has bestowed the cross of the Legion of Honor, says the London Telegraph. The first was a Belgian, Marie Jeanne Shellinck, who fought in the wars of the first revolution, under Dumouriez, and of the empire under Napoleon, taking part in the battles of Jemmapes, Arcelle, Austerlitz and Jena. In 1809, when she left the army, at 52 years of age with the rank of sublieutenant, she had served 17 years, fought in 12 campaigns and had been wounded eight times. On her retirement Napoleon gave her the cross of the Legion of Honor, which he himself pinned on to her soldier's coat, telling the officers to salute her as he did so, because she was one of the "glories of the empire."

A GIANT INDUSTRY.

The Steel Industry as It Has Been Developed in America in Recent Years.

According to Prof. R. H. Thurston, who writes of "The Steel Industry of America," in Century, Sir Henry Bessemer's invention has added more to the world's wealth than any other save the steam engine. The following figures give an idea of the extent of the production of steel throughout the world:

"The world's product of Bessemer steel in 1892 would have made a column of pillars 25 feet in diameter and 100 high, 1,612 in number, extending over three miles. 330 on each hand, or a single row over six miles long. Every working day in that year there was produced the equivalent of between five and six such columns, and a day's work resulted in the output of nearly as much as was the total annual product of the great city of Sheffield at the time of Bessemer's invention. The annual production of Bessemer steel was, in another comparison, shown to be the equivalent of a column 100 feet in diameter, the size of a moderately large gas holder, and 6,654 feet 4 inches high—a mile and a third. This would be 10 1/2 times as high as the cross on the dome of St. Paul's in London. One-twelfth of its altitude would measure the production of a single month and would rise to above the height of the Washington monument. A single hour would yield a pillar of steel nine feet in diameter and about 140 feet high, the altitude of a tall church steeple. The work of a year would construct a steel wall five feet in thickness, 20 feet high and 100 miles long, which would be enough to inclose an area of about 800 square miles. 3 1/4 miles in diameter, sufficient to inclose London and its suburbs in a circle radiating over 30 miles from St. Paul's or the bank. The foundation of the wall itself would occupy 60 acres."

"The United States enters the new century with just about this total production of steel."

Brandy Requires Sleep. Nearly all the great beauties of the world have testified to the value of Sleep. Under its influence every muscle is relaxed and all care dispelled. The heart beats slower, gaining new vigor for the waking hours. A midday nap, if only of a few minutes' duration, is wonderfully refreshing, and it is generally conceded that sleep during the earlier hours of the night is far more beneficial than that obtained after midnight.—Mayde C. Murray-Miller, in Woman's Home Companion.

THE CLEANING AND HEATING CLUE FOR CATARRH

Ely's Cream Balm

Easy and pleasant to use. Contains no injurious drugs. It is quickly absorbed. Gives relief at once. It opens and cleanses the nasal passages.

Always Inflammation. Relieves and Protects the Membrane. Restores the Sense of Taste and Smell. Cures colds, 50 cents at Druggists or by mail. Trial size, 10 cents by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 36 Warren St., N. Y.

GOLD IN HEAD

THE CLEANING AND HEATING CLUE FOR CATARRH

Ely's Cream Balm

Easy and pleasant to use. Contains no injurious drugs. It is quickly absorbed. Gives relief at once. It opens and cleanses the nasal passages.

Always Inflammation. Relieves and Protects the Membrane. Restores the Sense of Taste and Smell. Cures colds, 50 cents at Druggists or by mail. Trial size, 10 cents by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 36 Warren St., N. Y.

GOLD IN HEAD

THE CLEANING AND HEATING CLUE FOR CATARRH

Ely's Cream Balm

Boots!

Calf Boots, Kip Boots, Grain Boots, Felt Boots, Wool Boots, Rubber Boots,

at our usual moderate prices, at

M. S. HOLM'S,

127 THAMES STREET,

Newport, R. I.

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

Largest Financial Daily Paper in the United States.

Will Answer Inquiries from Subscribers About STOCKS AND BONDS WITHOUT CHARGE.

Sample copies free on application.

DOW, JONES & CO., Publishers.

41 Broad Street, New York.

FARM BUILDINGS

INSURED AGAINST FIRE

At Lowest Rate—Strong Companies.

WHIPPLE & SON,

Rent Estate and Fire Insurance.

23 Beleece Avenue.

A Few Words

about

Pain-Killer

A cure for Sore Throat, Coughs, Chills, Cramps, &c.

Two Sizes, 75c. and 50c.

There is only one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis.

JOHN WANAFIAKER.

Broadway, 9th & 10th Sts.,

New York, July 24, 1899

Gentlemen:

Being associated for so many years with the above firm and being closely confined brought on constipation. A package of your Tablets has cured me and I take great pleasure in recommending them to those who are affected in a similar way.

Yours truly,

C. W. Eastwood.

To the U. S. ARMY & NAVY

TABLET Co.,

17 East 14th St., N. Y. City.

10 and 25 cents per package, at all druggists.

An Exceptional Opportunity

AN EXCELLENT LITTLE UPRIGHT PIANO

In good repair for \$70, \$10 down and \$5.00 per month. A discount will be made for cash. Don't fail to call and examine.

JOHN VARS,

128 Thames Street.

MICHAEL F. MURPHY,

Contractor

OF MASON WORK,

NEWPORT, R. I.

Filling, Draining and all kinds of Jobbing promptly attended to.

Orders left at

Calendar Avenue.

—AND—

BUILDER

OF MASON WORK,

NEWPORT, R. I.

Filling, Draining and all kinds of Jobbing promptly attended to.

Orders left at

Calendar Avenue.

Fall River Line.

For New York, the South and West.

IN EFFECT APRIL 1, 1901.

Steamers PRISCILLA and PILGRIM in commission.

A fine orchestra on each.

Leave Newport week days only, 1:15 p. m.

Due New York 7 a. m.

Returning from New York, steamers leave Pier 18, N. R., foot of Warren St., week days only, at 5:00 p. m. Eastward steamers touch at Newport, remaining here until 3:45 a. m. before proceeding to Fall River.

For tickets and staterooms apply at New York and Boston Dispatch Express Office, 272 Thames Street, J. I. Greene, Ticket Agent.

J. N. KING, Agent, Newport, R. I.

O. H. TAYLOR, General Passenger Agent, N. Y.

Newport & Wickford.

RAILROAD AND STEAMBOAT CO.

THE WICKFORD ROUTE

In effect November 1, 1900.

Leave

Newport

Providence

Boston

New York

Leave

New York

Boston

Providence

Newport

Leave Newport for

PROVIDENCE

Week days 8 a. m. Leave Providence for Newport, week days, 4 p. m.

Excursion Tickets, 50 cents.

Stop at Providence, Newport and Saturdays only. Stop at Conanicut Mondays only (each way).</

